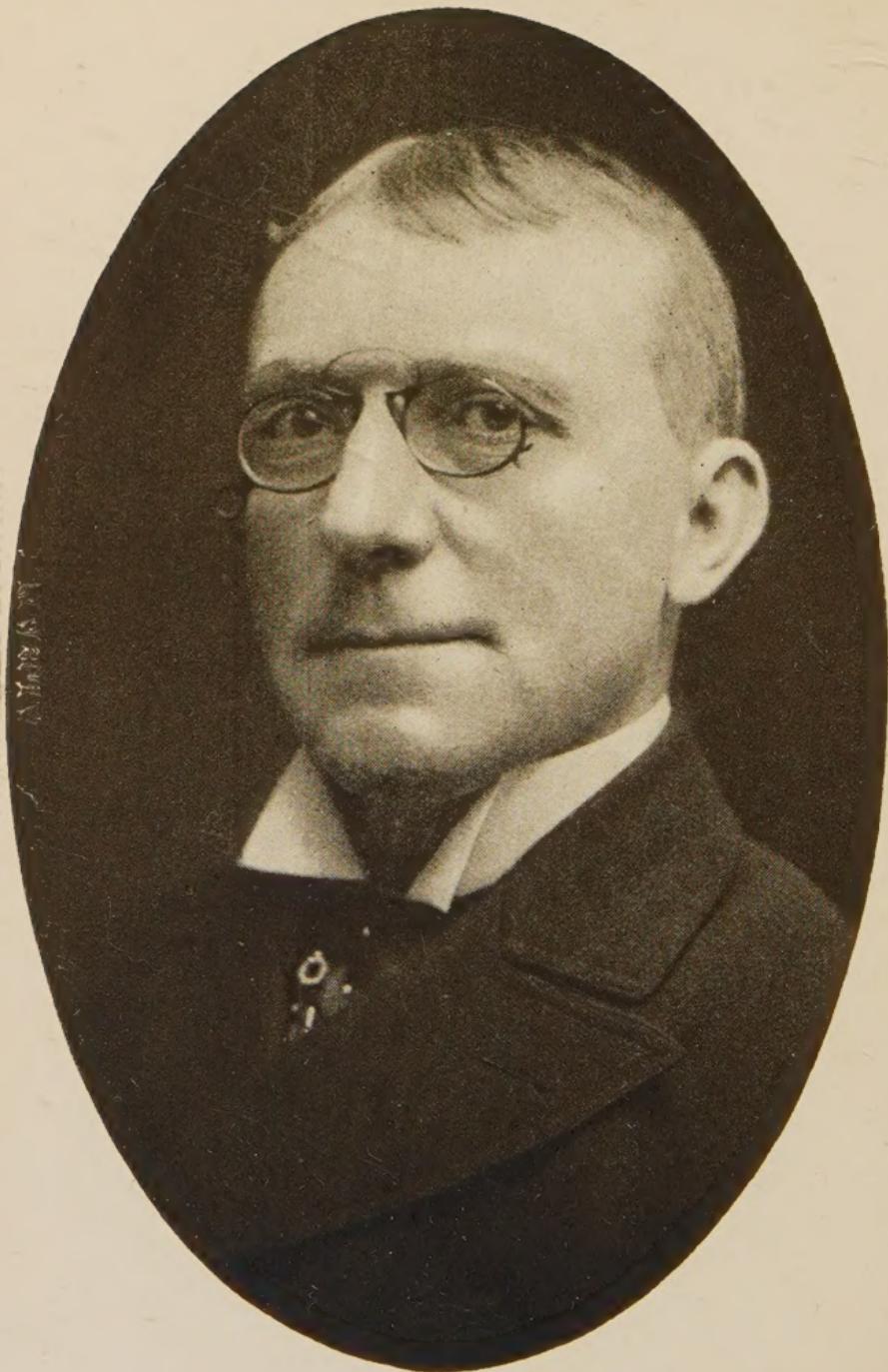




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THE POETRY OF
AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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525

Poetry of American Wit and Humor

Frederick L. Knowles

Selected by

R. L. Page, *pseud.*

Editor of "Poems of American Patriotism," etc.

13785

Illustrated



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PREFACE.

AMERICAN humorous poetry scarcely existed before Holmes and Saxe. In their hands it became a highly polished and, in its way, most effective literary instrument. Their witty verse, however, like the contemporary American prose humor, represented by the school of Irving, might easily have been written, for the most part, in the mother country. There is the same sprightly metre, the same fondness for puns, the same spirit of geniality and good breeding that one finds, for example, in Tom Hood. Saxe even sings of shillings and pence and half-crowns, and places his Ghost-player on the boards of Drury Lane.

But a new school of prose humorists, represented by Twain and Artemus Ward, was accompanied or immediately followed by a corresponding school of humorous poets whose work smacked strongly of the native soil. "The Biglow Papers" of Lowell, and

PREFACE.

the California ballads of Bret Harte stood for a type of humor worlds removed from that which was dominant a century earlier. Its success and point was not dependent on pun and epigram and metrical polish, but rather on its homely truth to fact in the depiction of novel though perfectly real conditions of American life. The most original type of our subsequent humorous poetry has been of similar character. We have become aware that there is no necessity for torturing language into fantastic shapes, for resorting to the conventional devices of European humorists. There is a surplus of irresistible fun in the present conditions of our great, multiform people, and when Riley gives us the Hoosier, Foss the Yankee farmer, Irwin Russell the negro, Leland and Follen Adams the German-American, the whole world laughs not at us, but with us.

The editor regrets that the conservatism of their publishers has limited the selections from Harte, Field, Bunner, Saxe, and one or two others to the small number included. Yet these limitations are not to be viewed wholly in the light of a disadvantage. If a number of favorite poems are excluded, this only leaves room for a larger representation from sources less well-known but perhaps quite as meritorious. Looked at, indeed, from the reader's point of view rather than from that of the editor who has a pride in making his collection representative, there is a

PREFACE.

very distinct gain in having hackneyed selections replaced by those which present the fresher interest of unfamiliarity.

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THE POETRY OF AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Plain Language from Truthful James.

WHICH I wish to remark —
And my language is plain -
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name,
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply ;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies ;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise ;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand ;
It was euchre — the same
He did not understand ;
But he smiled as he sat at the table
With the smile that was childlike and bland

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see,
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me ;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, " Can this be ?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor ; "
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding
In the game " he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts ;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers — that's wax.

Which is why I remark —
And my language is plain —
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

BRET HARTE.

Der Oak und Der Vine.¹

I DON'D vas preaching woman's righdts,
 Or anyding like dot,
 Und I likes to see all beoples
 Shust gondented mit dheir lot ;
 Budt I vants to gondradict dot shap
 Dot made dis leedle shoke ;
 "A woman vas der glinging vine,
 Und man, der shturdy oak."

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may be drue ;
 Budt, den dimes oudt off nine,
 I find me oudt dot man himself
 Vas peen der glinging vine ;
 Und ven hees friendts dhey all vas gone,
 Und he vas shust "tead proke."
 Dot's ven der woman shteps righdt in,
 Und peen der shturdy oak.

Shust go oup to der paseball groundts
 Und see dhose "shturdy oaks"
 All planted roundt ubon der seats —
 Shust hear dheir laughs und shokes !

¹ From "Dialect Poems," copyright, 1888, by Harper & Brothers

DER OAK UND DER VINE.

Dhen see dhoſe vomens at der tubs,
Mit glothes oudt on der lines ;
Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine friendts,
Und vwhich der glinging vines ?

Vhen Sickness in der householdt comes,
Und veeks und veeks he shtays,
Who vas id fighdts him mitoudt resdt,
Dhoſe veary nighdts und days ?
Who beace und gomfort alvays prings,
Und cools dot fefered prow ?
More like id vas der tender vine
Dot oak he glings to, now.

“ Man vants budt leedle here below,”
Der boet von time said ;
Dhere’s leedle dot man he *don’d* vant,
I dink id means, inshted ;
Und ven der years keep rolling on,
Dheir cares und droubles pringing,
He vants to pe der shturdy oak,
Und, also, do der glinging.

Maype, vhen oaks dhey gling some more,
Und don’d so shturdy peen,
Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance
To helb run Life’s masheen.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,
In calm or shtormy veddher,
'Twas beddher dot dhose oaks und vines
Should alvays gling togeddher.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS.

Theology in the Quarters.

Century Magazine.

NOW, I's got a notion in my head dat when you come to die,
An' stan' de 'zamination in de Cote-house in de sky,
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's
gwine to ax
When he gits you on de witness-stan' an' pin you to
de fac's;
'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's
in de night,
An' de water-milion question's gwine to boddér you
a sight!
Den your eyes'll open wider dan dey ebber done befo',
When he chats you 'bout a chicken scrape dat hap-
pened long ago!

De angels on de picket-line erlong de Milky Way
Keeps a-watchin' what you're dribin' at, an' hearin'
what you say;
No matter what you want to do, no matter whar you's
gwine,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR

Dey's mighty ap' to find it out an' pass it 'long de
line;
And of'en at de meetin', when you make a fuss an'
laugh,
Why, dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden tele-
graph;
Den de angel in de orfis, what's a-settin' by de gate,
Jes' reads de message wid a look an' claps it on de
slate!

Den you better do your duty well an' keep your con-
science clear,
An' keep a-lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' whar
you steer;
'Cause arter while de time'll come to journey fum de
lan',
An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on
de stan';
Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk, an' answer
mighty straight,
Ef you ebber 'spec' to trabble froo de alaplaster
gate!

JOHN ALFRED MACON.

“SPÄCIALL Y JIM.”

“SPÄCIALL Y JIM.”

I WUS mighty good-lookin' when I wus young,
Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,
'Späciall y Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all wus he,
Chipper an' han'som' an' trim ;
But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the crowd,
'Späciall y Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,
An' I wouldn't take stock in him !
But they kep' on a-comin' in spite o' my talk,
'Späciall y Jim.

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'
(Späciall y Jim !)

I made up my mind I'd settle down
An' take up with him.

So we wus married one Sunday in church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim ;
'Twas the only way to git rid of 'em all,
'Späciall y Jim.

BESSIE MORGAN.

Prior to Miss Belle's Appearance.

"*Rhymes of Childhood.*"

WHAT makes you come *here fer*, Mister,
So much to *our house?* — *Say?*
Come to see our big sister! —
An' Charley he says 'at you kissed her
An' he ketched you, thuther day! —
Didn' you, Charley? — But we p'omised Belle
An' crossed our heart to never to tell —
'Cause *she* gived us some o' them-er
Chawk'lut-drops 'at you bringed to her!

Charley he's my little b'uther —
An' we has a-mostest fun,
Don't we, Charley? — Our Muther,
Whenever we whips one-anuther,
Tries to whip *us* — an' we *run* —
Don't we, Charley? — An' nen, bime-by,
Nen she gives us cake — an' pie —
Don't she, Charley? — when we come in
An' p'omise never to do it agin !

PRIOR TO MISS BELLE'S APPEARANCE.

He's named Charley.— I'm *Willie*—
An' I'm got the purtiest name!
But Uncle Bob *he* calls me "Billy"—
Don't he, Charley? — 'Nour filly
We named "Billy," the same
Ist like me! An' our Ma said
'At "Bob put foolishnuss into our head!"—
Didn' she, Charley? — An' *she* don't know
Much about *boys*! — 'Cause Bob said so!

Baby's a funniest feller!
Naint no hair on his head—
Is they, Charley? It's meller
Wite up there! An' ef Belle er
Us ask wuz *we* that way, Ma said,—
"Yes; an' yer *Pa's* head wuz soft as that,
An' it's that way yet!"— An' Pa grabs his hat
An' says, "Yes, childern, she's right about Pa—
'Cause that's the reason he married yer Ma!"

An' our Ma says 'at "Belle couldn'
Ketch nothin' at all but ist '*boobs!*' "
An' *Pa* says 'at "you're soft as puddun!"—
An' *Uncle Bob* says "you're a good-un—
'Cause he can tell by yer nose!"—
Didn' he, Charley? An' when Belle'll play
In the poller on th' pianer, some day,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Bob makes up funny songs about you,
Till she gits mad — like he wants her to !

Our sister *Fanny* she's 'leven
Years old ! 'At's mucher 'an *I*—
Aint it, Charley? . . . I'm seven! —
But our sister Fanny's in *Heaven*!
Nere's where you go ef you die! —
Don't you, Charley? Nen you has *wings* —
Ist like Fanny! — an' *purtiest things*! —
Don't you, Charley? An' nen you can *fly* —
Ist fly — an' *ever'thing*! . . . Wisht *I'd* die !

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE BALLAD OF CHARITY.

The Ballad of Charity.

IT was in a pleasant deepō, sequestered from the
rain,
That many weary passengers were waitin' for the
train ;
Piles of quite expensive baggage, many a gorgeous
portmantō,
Ivory-handled umberellas made a most touristic
show.

Whereunto there came a person, very humble was
his mien,
Who took an observation of the interestin' scene ;
Closely scanned the umberellas, watched with joy the
mighty trunks,
And observed that all the people were securin' Pull-
man bunks :

Who was followed shortly after by a most unhappy
tramp,
Upon whose features poverty had jounced her iron
stamp ;

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

And to make a clear impression as bees sting you
while they buzz,
She had hit him rather harder than she generally does.

For he was so awful ragged, and in parts so awful
bare,
That the folks were quite repulsioned to behold him
begging there;
And instead of drawing currency from out their
pocket-books,
They drew themselves asunder with aversionary
looks.

Sternly gazed the first newcomer on the unindulgent
crowd,
Then in tones which pierced the deepô he solilicussed
aloud : —
“ I hev trevelled o'er this cont'nent from Quebec to
Bogotáw,
But sech a set of scallawags as these I never saw.

“ Ye are wealthy, ye are gifted, ye have house and
lands and rent,
Yet unto a suff'rin' mortal ye will not donate a cent;
Ye expend your missionaries to the heathen and the
Jew,
But there isn't any heathen that is half as small as
you.

THE BALLAD OF CHARITY.

“ Ye are lucky — ye hev cheque-books and deeposits
in the bank,
And ye squanderate your money on the titled folks
of rank ;
The onyx and the sardonyx upon your garments
shine,
An’ ye drink at every dinner p’r’aps a dollar’s wuth
of wine.

“ Ye are goin’ for the summer to the islands by the
sea,
Where it costs four dollars daily — setch is not for
setch as me ;
Iv’ry-handled umberellers do not come into my
plan,
But I kin give a dollar to this suff’rin’ fellow-man.

“ Hand-bags made of Rooshy leather are not truly at
my call,
Yet in the eyes of Mussy I am richer ’en you all,
For I kin give a dollar wher’ you dare not stand a
dime,
And never miss it nother, nor regret it ary time.”

Sayin’ this he drew a wallet from the inner of his
vest,
And gave the tramp a daddy, which it was his level
best ;

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Other people havin' heard him soon to charity
inclined —

One giver soon makes twenty if you only get their
wind.

The first who gave the dollar led the other one
about,

And at every contribution he a-raised a joyful shout,
Exclaimin' how 'twas noble to relieveate distress,
And remarkin' that our duty is our present happiness.

Thirty dollars altogether were collected by the
tramp,

When he bid 'em all good evenin' and went out into
the damp,

And was followed briefly after by the one who made
the speech,

And who showed by good example how to practise
as to preach.

Which soon around the corner the couple quickly
met,

And the tramp produced the specie for to liquidate
his debt;

And the man who did the preachin' took his twenty
of the sum,

Which you see that out of thirty left a tenner for the
bum.

THE BALLAD OF CHARITY.

And the couple passed the summer at Bar Harbor
with the rest,

Greatly changed in their appearance and most ele-
gantly dressed.

Any fowl with change of feathers may a brilliant
bird become:

Oh, how hard is life for many! oh, how sweet it is
for some!

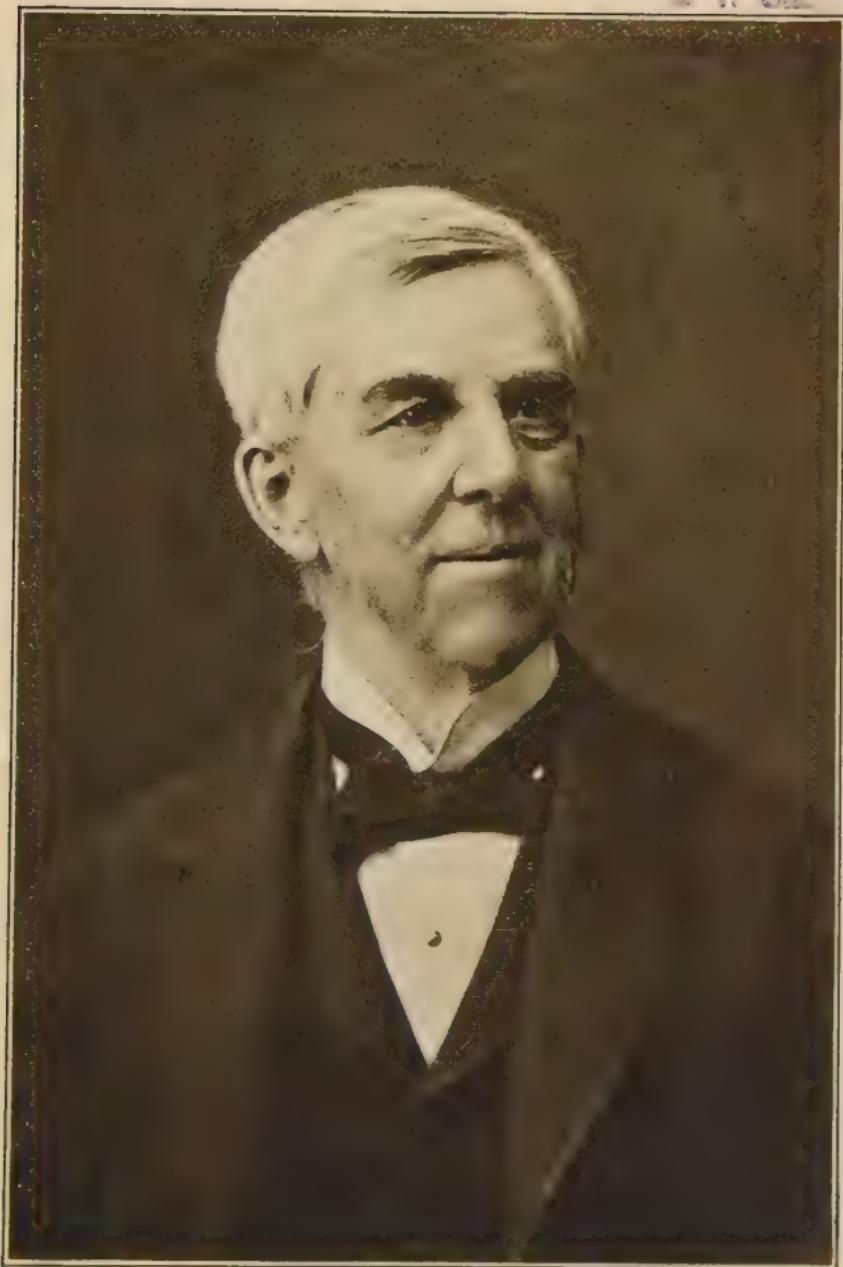
CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

The Music-grinders.

THERE are three ways in which
men take
One's money from his purse,
And very hard it is to tell
Which of the three is worse ;
But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,
And counting up your gains ;
A fellow jumps from out a bush
And takes your horse's reins,
Another hints some words about
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot ;
It's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot ;
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you would rather not.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE MUSIC - GRINDERS.

Perhaps you're going out to dine, —
Some odious creature begs
You'll hear about the cannon-ball
That carried off his pegs,
And says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed,
Poor little, lovely innocents,
All clamorous for bread, —
And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat
Beneath a cloudless moon;
You hear a sound, that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
Of music seems to come,
There's something like a human voice,
And something like a drum;
You sit, in speechless agony,
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "home, sweet home," should seem
to be
A very dismal place;
Your "auld acquaintance," all at once,
Is altered in the face;
Their discords sting through Burns and
Moore,
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.

But hark! the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound;
It cannot be,—it is,—it is,—
A hat is going round!

No! Pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw,
And pay the owner of the bear,
That stunned you with his paw,

THE MUSIC-GRINDERS.

And buy the lobster, that has had
Your knuckles in his claw;

But if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down !

And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or, if you cannot make a speech,
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Irish Astronomy.

A Veritable Myth, Touching the Constellation of O'Ryan, ignorantly and falsely spelled Orion. From the Poetical Works of C. G. Halpine, published by Harper & Brothers.

O'RYAN was a man of might
 Whin Ireland was a nation,
 But poachin' was his heart's delight
 And constant occupation.
 He had an ould militia gun,
 And sartin sure his aim was ;
 He gave the keepers many a run,
 And wouldn't mind the game laws.

St. Patrick wanst was passin' by
 O'Ryan's little houldin',
 And, as the saint felt wake and dhry,
 He thought he'd enther bould in.
 "O'Ryan," says the saint, "avick !
 To prach at Thurles I'm goin' ;
 So let me have a rasher quick,
 And a ddrop of Innishowen."

" No rasher will I cook for you
 While betther is to spare, sir,

IRISH ASTRONOMY.

But here's a jug of mountain dew,
And there's a rattlin' hare, sir."
St. Patrick he looked mighty sweet,
And says he, " Good luck attind you,
And when you're in your windin' sheet,
It's up to heaven I'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff,—
" Them tidin's is thransportin',
But may I ax your saintship if
There's any kind of sportin'?"
St. Patrick said, " A Lion's there,
Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer"—
" Bedad," says Mick, " the huntin's rare;
St. Patrick, I'm your man, sir."

So, to conclude my song aright,
For fear I'd tire your patience,
You'll see O'Ryan any night
Amid the constellations.
And Venus follows in his track
Till Mars grows jealous raally,
But, faith, he fears the Irish knack
Of handling the shillaly.

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE.

Applied Astronomy.

Century Magazine, March, 1887.

HE took me out to see the stars,
That astronomic bore;
He said there were two moons near Mars,
While Jupiter had four.

I thought of course he'd whisper soon
What fourfold bliss 'twould be
To stroll beneath that fourfold moon
On Jupiter with me.

And when he spoke of Saturn's ring,
I was convinced he'd say
That was the very kind of thing
To offer me some day.

But in a tangent off he went
To double stars. Now that
Was most suggestive, so content
And quite absorbed I sat.

But no, he talked a dreary mess,
Of which the only fraction

APPLIED ASTRONOMY.

That caught my fancy, I confess,
Was "mutual attraction."

I said I thought it very queer
And stupid altogether,
For stars to keep so very near,
And yet not come together.

At that he smiled, and turned his head;
I thought he'd caught the notion.
He merely bowed good-night and said,
Their safety lay in motion.

ESTHER B. TIFFANY.

What's in a Name?

Century Magazine.

IN letters large upon the frame,
That visitors might see,
The painter placed his humble name:
O'Callaghan McGee.

And from Beersheba unto Dan,
The critics with a nod
Exclaimed: "This painting Irishman
Adores his native sod."

"His stout heart's patriotic flame
There's naught on earth can quell;
He takes no wild romantic name
To make his pictures sell!"

Then poets praised in sonnets neat
His stroke so bold and free;
No parlor wall was thought complete
That hadn't a McGee.

All patriots before McGee
Threw lavishly their gold;

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

His works in the Academy
Were very quickly sold.

His "Diggings Clams at Barnegat,"
His "When the Morning Smiled,"
His "Seven Miles from Ararat,"
His "Portrait of a Child,"

Were purchased in a single day
And lauded as divine.

• • • • •
That night as in his *atalier*
The artist sipped his wine,

And looked upon his gilded frames,
He grinned from ear to ear:
"They little think my *real* name's
V. Stuyvesant De Vere!"

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

The Owl-critic.

“ WHO stuffed that white owl?” No one spoke in
the shop,
The barber was busy, and he couldn’t stop ;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The “ Daily,” the “ Herald,” the “ Post,” little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question ;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion ;
And the barber kept on shaving.

“ Don’t you see, Mr. Brown,”
Cried the youth, with a frown,
“ How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the
neck is —
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck ’tis !
I make no apology ;
I’ve learned owl-eology.
I’ve passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.

THE OWL-CRITIC.

Mister Brown ! Mister Brown !
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

" I've *studied* owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true ;
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed ;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't *do* it, because
'Tis against all bird-laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches
An owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so !
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears !
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd !
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness ;
The man who stuffed *him* don't half know his busi-
ness ! ”

And the barber kept on shaving.

“ Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass ;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down ;
Have him stuffed again, Brown ! ”

And the barber kept on shaving.

“ With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather.”

THE OWL-CRITIC.

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
“ Your learning’s at fault *this* time, anyway;
Don’t waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I’m an owl; you’re another. Sir Critic, good day!”
And the barber kept on shaving.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

Prehistoric Smith.

QUATERNARY EPOCH — POST-PLIOCENE PERIOD.

A MAN sat on a rock and sought
 Refreshment from his thumb;
A dinotherium wandered by
 And scared him some.

His name was Smith. The kind of rock
 He sat upon was shale.
One feature quite distinguished him —
 He had a tail.

The danger past, he fell into
 A reverie austere;
While with his tail he whisked a fly
 From off his ear.

“ Mankind deteriorates,” he said,
 “ Grows weak and incomplete;
And each new generation seems
 Yet more effete.

“ Nature abhors imperfect work,
 And on it lays her ban;

PREHISTORIC SMITH.

And all creation must despise
A tailless man.

“ But fashion’s dictates rule supreme,
Ignoring common sense ;
And fashion says, to dock your tail
Is just immense.

“ And children now come in the world
With half a tail or less ;
Too stumpy to convey a thought,
And meaningless.

“ It kills expression. How can one
Set forth, in words that drag,
The best emotions of the soul,
Without a wag ? ”

Sadly he mused upon the world,
Its follies and its woes ;
Then wiped the moisture from his eyes,
And blew his nose.

But clothed in earrings, Mrs. Smith
Came wandering down the dale ;
And, smiling, Mr. Smith arose,
And wagged his tail.

DAVID LAW PROUDFIT.

The Ahkoond of Swat.

"The Ahkoond of Swat is dead."—London Papers of Jan. 22, 1878.

WHAT, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Medi-
iterranean — he's dead;
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,
Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he Ahkoodn't.
Dead, dead, dead:
(Sorrow, Swats!)
Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled,
Swats whom he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
Or to victory,

THE AHKOOND OF SWAT.

As the case might be.
Sorrow, Swats !
Tears shed,
Shed tears like water.
Your great Ahkoond is dead !
That Swats the matter !

Mourn, city of Swat,
Your great Ahkoond is not
But lain 'mid worms to rot.
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Ahkoond)
Up to the bosom of Mahound.
Though earthy walls his frame surround
(For ever hallowed be the ground !)
And sceptics mock the lowly mound
And say " He's now of no Ahkoond ! "
His soul is in the skies —
The azure skies that bend above his loved
Metropolis of Swat.
He sees with larger, other eyes,
Athwart all earthly mysteries —
He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With a noise of mourning and of
lamentation !

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With the noise of the mourning of
the Swattish nation !
Fallen is at length
Its tower of strength ;
Its sun is dimmed ere it had
nooned ;
Dead lies the great Ahkoond,
The great Ahkoond of Swat
Is not !

GEORGE THOMAS LANIGAN.

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY.

Miss Flora M'Flimsey.¹

MISS Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris ;
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping ; —
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather :
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below ;
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls ;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls ;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in ;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in ;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all ;

¹ From "Nothing to Wear."

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall,—
All of them different in colour and pattern,
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal :
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of,
From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills ;
 In all quarters of Paris, and to every store :
 While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and
 swore,
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer
Argo
Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
But for which the ladies themselves manifested
Such particular interest that they invested
Their own proper persons in layers and rows
Of muslins, embroideries, worked underclothes,
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as
 those ;
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian
beauties,

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY.

Gave *good-by* to the ship, and *go-by* to the duties.
Her relations at home all marvelled, no doubt,
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
For an actual belle and a possible bride ;
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
And the truth came to light, and the dry-goods
beside,
Which, in spite of collector and custom-house sentry,
Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed
since the day
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broad-
way,
This same Miss M'Flimsey of Madison Square,
The last time we met, was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear !

NOTHING TO WEAR ! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert — this you know is between us --
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Powers's Greek Slave or the Medici Venus ;
But I do mean to say I have heard her declare,
When at the same moment she had on a dress
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear !

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called her "affec-
tions,"

And that rather decayed but well-known work of art,
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or
grove:

But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love—
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions;
It was one of the quietest business transactions,
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,
" You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like, — now stop, don't you speak,—
And you must not come here more than twice in a
week,

Or talk to me either at party or ball;

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY.

But always be ready to come when I call:
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,—
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be,
That as long as I choose I am perfectly free:
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey, and
gained her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained
her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball,—
Their cards had been out for a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe,—
I considered it only my duty to call
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found—I won't say I caught—her
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.
She turned as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"
"So I did," I replied; "but the dinner is swallowed,
 And digested, I trust; for 'tis now nine and more:
So being relieved from that duty, I followed
 Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
And now will your Ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty and graces and presence to lend
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to
 morrow?"
The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, *mon-*
 cher,
I should like above all things to go with you there;
But really and truly — I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear? Go just as you are:
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
 On the Stuckup horizon —" I stopped, for her eye,
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery
 Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose
 (That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY.

That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"—
So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade."

(Second turn-up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."—

"Your blue silk—" "That's too heavy."—"Your pink—" "That's too light."—

"Wear tulle over satin." "I can't endure white."—

"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch—" "

"I haven't a thread of point-lace to match."—

"Your brown moire-antique—" "Yes, and look like a Quaker."—

"The pearl-colored—" "I would, but that plaguy dressmaker
Has had it a week."—"Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."

(Here the nose took again the same elevation)—

"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."—

"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it

As more *comme il faut*—" "Yes, but, dear me, that lean
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it;
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."—

"Then that splendid purple, that sweet mazarine,
That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

That zephyr-like tarlatan, that rich grenadine — ”

“ Not one of all which is fit to be seen,”
Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.
“ Then wear,” I exclaimed, in a tone which quite
crushed

Opposition, “ that gorgeous toilette which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turned the head of the head of
the nation ;

And by all the grand court were so very much
courted.”

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
“ I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up ! ”
Here I *ripped out* something, perhaps rather rash —

Quite innocent though ; but to use an expression
More striking than classic, it “ settled my hash,”

And proved very soon the last act of our session.

“ Fiddlesticks, is it, sir ? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn’t fall down and crush you ! — oh, you men
have no feeling.

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers,
Your silly pretence — why, what a mere guess it is !
Pray, what do you know of a woman’s necessities ?

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY.

I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me " (here the nose went still
higher) :

" I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, sir — yes, on the spot ;
You're a brute, and a monster, and — I don't know
what."

I mildly suggested the words Hottentot,
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief :
But this only proved as spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder ;
It blew, and it rained, thundered, lightened, and
hailed

Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite
failed

To express the abusive, and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears ;
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an ob-
Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat too,
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say :
Then, without going through the form of a bow,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Found myself in the entry, — I hardly knew how, —
On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and up-stairs, in my own easy-chair ;

Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar, —
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
 Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole do you think he would have much to
 spare
If he married a woman with nothing to wear ?

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

THE ELF-CHILD.

The Elf-child.

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,

An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away

An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth an' sweep

An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board an' keep;

An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,

We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun

A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,

An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

Onc't they was a little boy who wouldn't say his prayers —

An' when he went to bed at night, away up-stairs,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

His mammy heerd him holler an' his daddy heerd
him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down he wasn't there
at all !
An' they seeked him in the rafter room an' cubby-
hole an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' everywheres,
I guess,
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' round-
about!—
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood an'
kin,
An' onc't when they was "company" an' old folks
was there,
She mocked 'em, an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't
care;
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run
an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by
her side,

THE ELF-CHILD.

An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she
 knowned what she's about!

An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is
 blue,

An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes
 woo-oo !

An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched
 away—

You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an'
 dear,

An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphan's
 tear

An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all
 about,

Er the gobble-uns 'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Eve's Daughter.

I WAITED in the little sunny room:
 The cool breeze waved the window-lace, at
 play,
The white rose on the porch was all in bloom,
 And out upon the bay
I watched the wheeling sea-birds go and come.

“Such an old friend,—she would not make me
 stay
While she bound up her hair.” I turned, and lo,
Danaë in her shower! and fit to slay
 All a man’s hoarded prudence at a blow:
Gold hair, that streamed away
 As round some nymph a sunlit fountain’s flow.
“She would not make me wait!” — but well I
 know
She took a good half-hour to loose and lay
 Those locks in dazzling disarrangement so!

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

LITTLE BROWN BABY.

Little Brown Baby.¹

LITTLE brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,
 Come to yo' pappy an' set on his knee.
What you been doin', suh — makin' san' pies ?
 Look at dat bib — you's ez du'ty ez me.
Look at dat mouf — dat's merlasses, I bet ;
 Come hyeah, Maria, an' wipe off his han's.
Bees gwine to ketch you an' eat you up yit,
 Bein' so sticky an' sweet — goodness lan's !

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,
 Who's pappy's darlin' an' who's pappy's chile ?
Who is it all de day nevah once tries
 Fu' to be cross, er once loses dat smile ?
Whah did you git dem teef? My, you's a scamp !
 Whah did dat dimple come f'om in yo' chin ?
Pappy do' know yo — I b'lieves you's a tramp ;
 Mammy, dis hyeah's some ol' straggler got in !

Let's th'ow him outen de do' in de san',
 We do' want stragglers a-layin' 'roun' hyeah ;

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AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Let's gin him 'way to de big buggah-man ;
I know he's hidin' erroun' hyeah right neah.
Buggah-man, buggah-man, come in de do',
 Hyeah's a bad boy you kin have fu' to eat.
Mammy an' pappy do' want him no mo',
 Swaller him down f'om his haid to his feet !

Dah, now, I t'ought dat you'd hug me up close.
 Go back, ol' buggah, you sha'n't have dis boy.
He ain't no tramp, ner no straggler, of co'se ;
 He's pappy's pa'dner an' playmate an' joy.
Come to you' pallet now — go to yo' res' ;
 Wisht you could allus know ease an' cleah skies ;
Wisht you could stay jes' a chile on my breas' —
 Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes !

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

Hans Breitmann's Party.

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty;
Dey had bianco-blavin':
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
Her name was Madilda Yane.
She hat haar as prawn ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und ven dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty:
I vent dere, you'll pe pound.
I valtzet mit Madilda Yane
Und vent shpinnen round und round.
De pootiest Fräulein in de house,
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound.
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty:
I dells you it cost him dear.
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
Of foost-rate Lager Beer,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Und venefer dey knocks de shpicket in
De Deutschers gifes a cheer.
I dinks dat so vine a barty
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty:
Dere all vas Souse und Brouse;
Ven de sooper comed in, de gompany
Did make demselfs to house.
Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,
De Bratwurst and Braten fine,
Und vash der Abendessen down
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty.
We all cot troonk ash bigs.
I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier,
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs.
Und denn I gissed Madilda Yane
Und she shlog me on de kop,
Und de gompany fited mit dapple-lecks
Dill de coonstable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Where ish dat barty now!
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow?

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern —
De shtar of de shpirit's light?

All goned afay mit de Lager Beer —
Afay in de ewigkeit!

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Chorus of Anglomaniacs.¹

IT is positively false to call us frantic,
For the soundness of our mental state is sure,
Yet we look upon this side of the Atlantic
As a tract of earth unpleasant to endure.

We consider dear old England as the fountain
Of all institutions reputably sane;
We abominate and loathe a Rocky Mountain;
We regard a rolling prairie with disdain.

We assiduously imitate the polish
That we notice round the English nabob hang,
We unfailingly endeavor to abolish
From our voices any trace of nasal twang.

Every patriotic duty we leave undone,
With aversion such as Hebrews hold for pork,
Since we venerate the very name of London
In proportion to our hatred of New York.

No entreaty could in any manner soften
Our contempt for native tailors when we dress;

¹ From "The Bunting Ball."

CHORUS OF ANGLOMANIACS.

If we bet, we "lay a guinea," rather often,
And we always say "I farncy" for "I guess."

We esteem the Revolution as illegal ;
If you mention Bunker Hill to us, we sigh ;
We particularly execrate an eagle,
And we languish on the fourth day of July.

We are not prepared in any foolish manner
The vulgarities of Uncle Sam to screen ;
We dislike to hear that dull "Star-Spangled
Banner,"
But we thoroughly respect "God Save the
Queen."

We revere the Prince of Wales, though he
should prick us
With a sneer at the republic we obey !
We would rather let his Royal Highness kick us
Than have been the bosom-friend of Henry
Clay !

EDGAR FAWCETT.

"Was Marriage a Failure?"

VAS marriage a failure? Vell, now, dot depends
Altogedder on how you look at it, mine friends.
Like dhose double-horse teams dot you see at der
races,
It depends pooty mooch on der pair in der traces;
Eef dhey don't pool togeddher right off at der shtart,
Ten times oudt off nine dhey was bedder apart.

Vas marriage a failure? Der vote vas in doubt;
Dhose dot's oudt vould be in, dhose dot's in vould
be oudt;
Der man mit oxberience, goot looks und dash,
Gets a vife mit some fife hundord doustand in cash;
Budt, after der honeymoon, vhere vas der honey?
She haf der oxberience — he haf der money.

Vas marriage a failure? Eef dot vas der case,
Vot vas to pecome off der whole human race?
Vot you dink dot der oldt "Pilgrim faders" vould
say,
Dot came in der Sunflower to oldt Plymouth bay,
To see der fine coundtry dis peoples haf got,
Und dhen hear dhem ask sooch conondhrums as dot?

"VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?"

Vas marriage a failure? Shust go, ere you tell,
To dot Bunker Mon Hillument, vhere Varren fell;
Dink of Vashington, Franklin und "Honest Old
Abe"—

Dhey vas all been aroundt since dot first Plymouth
babe.

I vas only a Deutscher, budt I dells you vot!
I pelief every dime, in such "failures" as dot.

Vas marriage a failure? I ask mine Katrine,
Und she look off me so dot I feels pooty mean.
Dhen she say: "Meester Strauss, shust come here eff
you blease,"

Und she dake me vhere Yawcob und little Loweeze
By dhere shnug trundle-bed vas shust saying der
prayer,
Und she say, mit a smile: "Vas dhere some failures
dhere?"

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

The Doorstep.

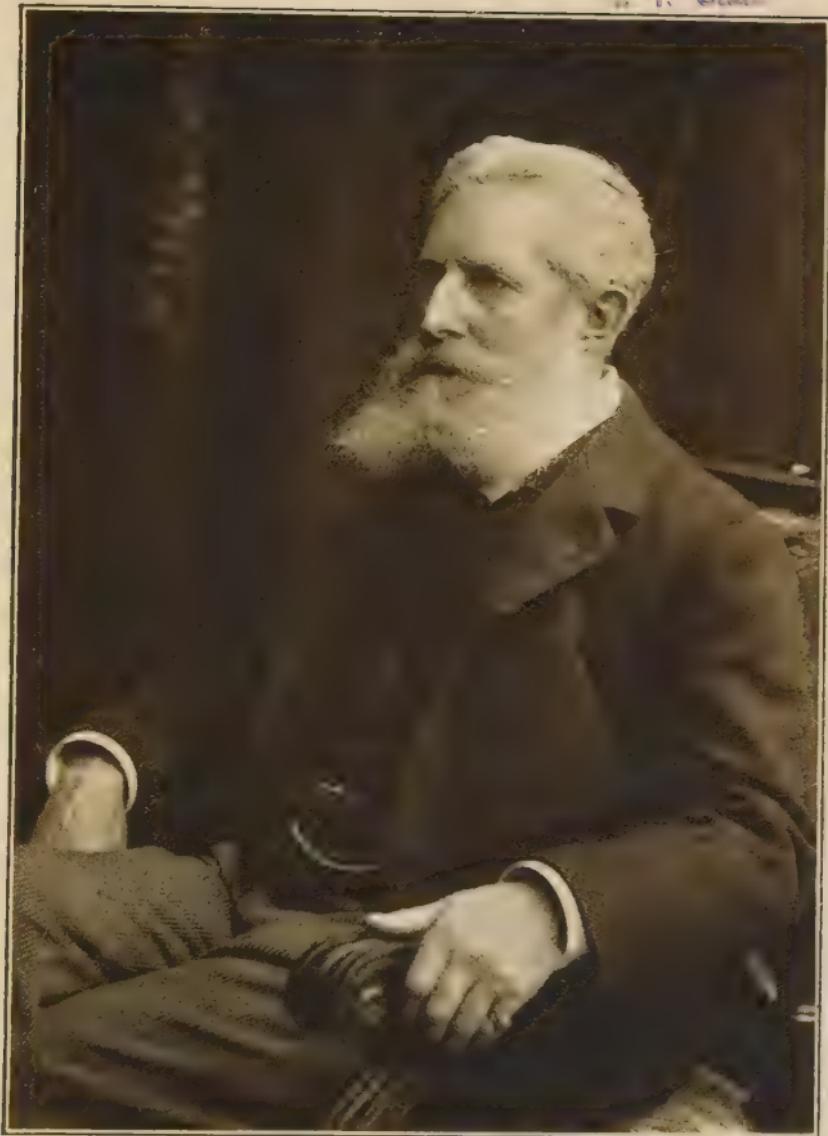
THE conference-meeting through at last,
We boys about the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, that stepped before them all
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm !
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'Twas nothing worth a song or story;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

THE DOORSTEP.

The little hand outside her muff —
O sculptor, if you could but mould it! —
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone, —
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home ;
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth, — I kissed her !

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman, weary lover !
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give — but who can live youth over ?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Larks and Nightingales.

ALONE I sit at eventide :
The twilight glory pales,
And o'er the meadows far and wide
Chant pensive bobolinks.
(One might say nightingales !)

Song-sparrows warble on the tree,
I hear the purling brook,
And from the old “ manse o'er the lea ”
Flies slow the cawing crow.
(In England 'twere a rook !)

The last faint golden beams of day
Still glow on cottage panes,
And on their lingering homeward way
Walk weary laboring men.
(Oh, would that we had swains !)

From farm-yards, down fair rural glades
Come sounds of tinkling bells,
And songs of merry brown milkmaids,
Sweeter than oriole's.
(Yes, thank you — Philomel's !)

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

I could sit here till morning came,
All through the night hours dark,
Until I saw the sun's bright flame
And heard the chickadee.
(Alas! we have no lark!)

We have no leas, no larks, no rooks,
No swains, no nightingales,
No singing milkmaids (save in books):
The poet does his best—
It is the rhyme that fails!

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

THE PLEDGE AT SPUNKY POINT.

The Pledge at Spunky Point.

A TALE OF EARNEST EFFORT AND HUMAN PERFIDY.

I T'S all very well for preachin',
 But preachin' and practice don't gee:
I've give the thing a fair trial,
 And you can't ring it in on me.
So toddle along with your pledge, Squire,
 Ef that's what you want me to sign;
Betwixt me and you, I've been thar,
 And I'll not take any in mine.

A year ago last Fo'th July
 A lot of the boys was here.
We all got corned and signed the pledge
 For to drink no more that year.
There was Tilman Joy and Sheriff McPhail
 And me and Abner Fry,
And Shelby's boy Leviticus
 And the Golyers, Luke and Cy.

And we anteed up a hundred
 In the hands of Deacon Kedge,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

For to be divided the follerin' Fo'th
 'Mongst the boys that kep' the pledge,
And we knowed each other so well, Squire,
 You may take my scalp for a fool,
Ef every man when he signed his name
 Didn't feel cock-sure of the pool.

Fur awhile it all went lovely ;
 We put up a job next day
Fur to make Joy b'lieve his wife was dead,
 And he went home middlin' gay ;
Then Abner Fry he killed a man
 And afore he was hung McPhail
Jest bilked the widder outen her sheer
 By getting him slewed in jail.

But Chris'mas scooped the Sheriff,
 The egg-nogs gethered him in ;
And Shelby's boy Leviticus
 Was, New Year's, tight as sin ;
And along in March the Golyers
 Got so drunk that a fresh-biled owl
Would 'a' looked 'long-side o' them two young
 men,
Like a sober temperance fowl.

Four months alone I walked the chalk,
 I thought my heart would break ;

THE PLEDGE AT SPUNKY POINT.

And all them boys a-slappin' my back
 And axin', "What'll you take?"
I never slep' without dreamin' dreams
 Of Burbin, Peach, or Rye,
But I chawed at my niggerhead and swore
 I'd rake that pool or die.

At last — the Fo'th — I humped myself
 Through chores and breakfast soon,
Then scooted down to Taggart's store —
 For the pledge was off at noon;
And all the boys was gethered thar,
 And each man hilt his glass —
Watchin' me and the clock quite solemn-like
 Fur to see the last minute pass.

The clock struck twelve! I raised the jug
 And took one lovin' pull —
I was holler clar from skull to boots,
 It seemed I couldn't git full.
But I was roused by a fiendish laugh
 That might have raised the dead —
Them ornary sneaks had sot the clock
 A half an hour ahead!

"All right!" I squawked. "You've got me,
Jest order your drinks agin,

And we'll paddle up to the Deacon's
And scoop the ante in."
But when we got to Kedge's,
What a sight was that we saw!
The Deacon and Parson Skeeters
In the tail of a game of Draw.

They had shook 'em the heft of the mornin',
The Parson's luck was fa'r,
And he raked, the minute we got thar,
The last of our pool on a pa'r.
So toddle along with your pledge, Squire,
I 'low it's all very fine,
But ez fur myself, I thank ye,
I'll not take any in mine.

JOHN HAY.

The Smack in School.

A DISTRICT school, not far away,
Mid Berkshire's hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys ;
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent.
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book ;
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack !
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss !
“ What's that ? ” the startled master cries ;
“ That, thir,” a little imp replies,
“ Wath William Willith, if you pleathe,—
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe ! ”
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, “ Hither, Will ! ”
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came,—

A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The thunderer faltered, — “ I’m amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude !
Before the whole set school to boot —
What evil genius put you to’t ? ”
“ ’ Twas she herself, sir,” sobbed the lad,
“ I did not mean to be so bad ;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered, I was ’fraid of girls
And dursn’t kiss a baby’s doll,
I couldn’t stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot !
I know — boo — hoo — I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks — boo — hoo —
I thought she kind o’ wished me too ! ”

WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

THE PATRIOTIC TOURIST.

The Patriotic Tourist.

Century Magazine.

SOME folks the Old World find so fair,
And fancy it so grand,
They see its marvels everywhere
About their native land.

When they the Hudson sail by day,
While all its beauties shine,
They most enthusiastic say :
“ Behold the Yankee Rhine ! ”

As on Lake George they dream and drift,
Enrapt at every turn,
'Tis thus their voices up they lift:
“ America's Lake Lucerne ! ”

At Saranac sublimely frown
The Alps their travels know,
And then they breathe in Morristown
The air of Monaco.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Forsooth it's not the same with me,
For, from an Alpine gorge,
I view Lucerne, and sing in glee:
" 'Tis Switzerland's Lake George!"

When off Sorento, in a boat,
I drift, serene and gay,
I fancy, in a dream, I float
On great Peconic Bay.

When in the Scottish Highlands, I
Upon the heather bunk,
I look about and fondly sigh
O'er Caledon's Mauch Chunk.

In London town, *all* smoke and fog,
I wander happy, when
I fancy that I gaily jog
Around in Pittsburgh, Penn.

The Rhine is Europe's Hudson long,
The Alps the Swiss Catskills;
Lake Como is the Ho-pat-cong
Of the Italian hills.

THE PATRIOTIC TOURIST.

I see, from Dan to Jericho,
From Berne to Ispahan,
Wonders that imitate, I know,
Our own as best they can.

And I shall cheer, until I cease
To tread this earthly way,
Sky high in classic Athens, Greece,
Manunka Chunk, N. J.

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

The Romance of the Carpet.

BASKING in peace in the warm spring sun,
South Hill smiled upon Burlington.

The breath of May ! and the day was fair,
And the bright motes danced in the balmy air.

And the sunlight gleamed where the restless breeze
Kissed the fragrant blooms on the apple-trees.

His beardless cheek with a smile was spanned,
As he stood with a carriage whip in his hand.

And he laughed as he doffed his bobtail coat,
And the echoing folds of the carpet smote.

And she smiled as she leaned on her busy mop,
And said she'd tell him when to stop.

So he pounded away till the dinner-bell
Gave him a little breathing spell.

But he sighed when the kitchen clock struck one,
And she said the carpet wasn't done.

THE ROMANCE OF THE CARPET.

But he lovingly put in his biggest licks,
And he pounded like mad till the clock struck six.

And she said, in a dubious sort of way,
That she guessed he could finish it up next day.

Then all that day, and the next day, too
That fuzz from the dirtless carpet flew.

And she'd give it a look at eventide,
And say, "Now beat on the other side."

And the new days came as the old days went,
And the landlord came for his regular rent.

And the neighbors laughed at the tireless broom,
And his face was shadowed with clouds of gloom.

Till at last, one cheerless winter day,
He kicked at the carpet and slid away.

Over the fence and down the street,
Speeding away with footsteps fleet.

And never again the morning sun
Smiled on him beating his carpet-drum.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

And South Hill often said with a yawn,
“ Where’s the carpet-martyr gone ? ”

Years twice twenty had come and passed
And the carpet swayed in the autumn blast.

For never yet, since that bright spring-time,
Had it ever been taken down from the line.

Over the fence a gray-haired man
Cautiously clim, clome, clem, clum, clamb.

He found him a stick in the old woodpile,
And he gathered it up with a sad, grim smile.

A flush passed over his face forlorn
As he gazed at the carpet, tattered and torn.

And he hit it a most resounding thwack,
Till the startled air gave his echoes back.

And out of the window a white face leaned,
And a palsied hand the pale face screened.

She knew his face ; she gasped, and sighed,
“ A little more on the other side.”

THE ROMANCE OF THE CARPET.

Right down on the ground his stick he throwed,
And he shivered and said, " Well, I am blowed ! "

And he turned away, with a heart full sore,
And he never was seen not more, not more.

ROBERT JONES BURDETTE.

A Sermon for the Sisters.

I NEBBER breaks a colt afore he's old enough to
trabbel;

I nebber digs my taters tell dey plenty big to grabble.
An' when you sees me risin' up to structify in meetin',
I's fust clumb up de knowledge-tree an' done some
apple-eatin'.

I sees some sistahs pruzint, mighty proud o' whut dey
wearin':

It's well you isn't apples, now, you better be declarin'!
Fur when ye heerd yo' markit-price, 't'd hurt yo'
little feelin's:

You wouldn't fotch a dime a peck, fur all yo fancy
peelin's.

O sistahs! — leetle apples (fur you're r'allly mighty
like 'em) —

I lubs de ol'-time russets, dough its suldom I kin
strike 'em;

An' so I lubs you, sistahs, fur yo' grace an' not yo'
graces —

I don't keer how my apple looks, but on'y how it
tas'es.

A SERMON FOR THE SISTERS.

Is dey a Sabbaf-scholar heah? Den let him 'form
his mudder
How Jacob-in-de-Bible's boys played off upon dey
brudder!
Dey sol' him to a trader — an' at las' he struck de
prison;
Dat comed ob Joseph's struttin' in dat streaked coat
ob his'n.

My Christian frien's, dis story proobs dat eben men
is human—
He'd had a dozen fancy coats, ef he'd 'a' been a
'ooman!
De cussidness ob showin' off, he foun' out all about
it;
An' yit he wuz a Christian man, as good as ever
shouted.

It l'arned him! An' I bet you when he come to git
his riches
Dey didn't go fur stylish coats or Philadelphia
breeches;
He didn't was'e his money when experunce taught
him better,
But went aroun' a-lookin' like he's waitin' fur a
letter!

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Now, sistahs, won't you copy him? Say, won't you
take a lesson,
An' min' dis sollum wahnin' 'bout de sin ob fancy
dressin'?
How much you spen' upon yo'self! I wish you might
remember
Yo' preacher ain't been paid a cent sence somewhar
in November.

I better close. I sees some gals dis sahmon's kinder
hittin'
A-whisperin', an' 'sturbin' all dat's near whar dey's
a-sittin';
To look at dem, an' listen at dey onrespec'ful jabber,
It turns de milk ob human kin'ness mighty nigh to
clabber!

A-a-a-men!

IRWIN RUSSELL.

THE NEW DOCTOR.

The New Doctor.

THROUGH the "Philadelphia" college he went
in a week,

He had lots of assurance — in other words, cheek,
And his manner of study was rather unique.

Yet the fact is,

After hearing the regular lectures, which stuck
To his mind like the rain on the back of a duck,
He got a diploma and instantly struck

For a practice.

A neighborhood clear in the rear of the age,
Where a man was accepted at once as a sage
Who could show a diploma, he chose as his stage
Of endeavor.

And soon an old farmer, with plethoric purse,
Who had long been afflicted, but now had grown
worse,
Was able to take a short ride — in a hearse,
Cured forever.

But he didn't go there, as he moodily said,
To cure hopeless cases and raise up the dead.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

And he left for the side of an invalid's bed
Who was ailing
With pains in the back, and he gave him six pills
Intended for patients with ague or chills,
And the folks who resided just over the hills
Heard him wailing !

But, as fully two-thirds of the patients who call
On the doctor would mend with no doctor at all,
Our hero made friends 'mong the great and the small
And the wealthy.

And, learning the whims of the class who suppose
That there's health in the touch of a doctor's old
clothes,
And who swallow some drugs if they bleed at the
nose,
Kept them healthy.

PARMENAS MIX.

The Latest Version.

WHEN Washington was young, and not
As yet his country's sire and saviour,
An Ax for him his father bought,
Reward of excellent behaviour.

Well loving what he drank and ate,
That father, in a corner handy,
A row of Cherry Trees had set,
Suggesting Jam and Pie and Brandy.

Armed with his little Tomahawk,
George to that orchard forth did sally,
And root and branch and leaf and stalk
He mutilated generally.

His father, wild, though not with joy,
To see his darling fruit-trees wither,
Crooked his forefinger at his boy,
And said to him, "Sirrah, come hither!"

Straightway to him the urchin hied,
And, through the orchard as he ran, "Sir,

Axe me no questions," loudly cried,
" And I will make no lying answer."

His father led him by the ear
To view his desolation's traces;
" Now, George," he said, in tones severe,
" Who's chopped that Cherry tree to blazes?"

The boy an instant looks around,
And at that very moment hies ac-
Ross that meteory-haunted ground
The negro gardener, Ike or Isaac.

Brief space was his for thought; he saw,
Unless he fibbed, he'd surely catch it;
" I cannot tell a lie, papa!
Ike cut it with my little Hatchet!"

" My dear, dear child, come to my knees—
For I had infinitely rather
You lied like ten Tom Ochiltrees
Than spoiled them cherries," cried his father.

He placed the boy across his lap,
Nor thence did let him rise before he
Had an appeal, with leathern strap,
Made to his *a posteriori*.

THE LATEST VERSION.

And so when George was President,
And first in peace, and first in war, he,
Remembering this incident,
Lied no more than was necessary.

GEORGE THOMAS LANIGAN.

My Aunt.

MY aunt ! my dear unmarried aunt !
Long years have o'er her flown ;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone ;
I know it hurts her,— though she looks
As cheerful as she can ;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt, my poor deluded aunt !
Her hair is almost gray ;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way ?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell ?

Her father,— grandpapa ! forgive
This erring lip its smiles,—
Vowed she should make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles.

MY AUNT.

He sent her to a stylish school;
'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
“Two towels and a spoon.”

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins;—
O never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back;
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track;)
“Ah!” said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
“What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man!”

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Larrie O'Dee.

NOW the Widow McGee,
And Larrie O'Dee,

Had two little cottages out on the green,
With just room enough for two pig-pens between.
The widow was young and the widow was fair,
With the brightest of eyes and the brownest of hair,
And it frequently chanced, when she came in the
morn

With the swill for her pig, Larrie came with the corn,
And some of the ears that he tossed from his hand
In the pen of the widow were certain to land.

One morning said he :
“Och ! Mistress McGee,

It's a waste of good lumber, this runnin' two rigs,
Wid a fancy purtition betwane our two pigs ! ”
“ Indade sur, it is ! ” answered Widow McGee,
With the sweetest of smiles upon Larrie O'Dee.
“ And thin, it looks kind o' hard-hearted and mane,
Kapin' two friendly pigs so exsaidenly near
That whiniver one grunts the other can hear,
And yit kape a cruel purtition betwane.”

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

“ Shwate Widow McGee,”
Answered Larrie O’Dee,

“ If ye fale in your heart we are mane to the pigs,
Ain’t we mane to ourselves to be runnin’ two rigs?
Och! it made me heart ache when I papèd through
the cracks

Of me shanty, lasht March, at yez shwingin’ yer axe;
An’ a-bobbin’ yer head an’ a-shtompin’ yer fate,
Wid yer purty white hands jisht as red as a bate,
A-shplittin’ yer kindlin'-wood out in the shtorm,
When one little shtove it would kape us both warm!”

“ Now, piggy,” says she,
“ Larrie’s courtin’ o’ me,

Wid his dilicate tinder allusions to you;
So now yez must tell me jisht what I must do:
For, if I’m to say yes, shtir the swill wid yer snout;
But if I’m to say no, ye must kape yer nose out.
Now Larrie, for shame! to be bribin’ a pig
By a-tossin’ a handful of corn in its shwig!”
“ Me darlint, the piggy says yes,” answered he.
And that was the courtship of Larrie O’Dee.

W. W. FINK.

Courting in Kentucky.

WHEN Mary Ann Dollinger got the skule daown
thar on Injun Bay,

I was glad, fer I like ter see a gal makin' her honest
way.

I heerd some talk in the village abaout her flyin'
high,

Tew high fer busy farmer folks with chores ter dew
ter fly;

But I paid no sorter attention ter all the talk
ontell

She come in her reg'lar boardin' raound ter visit
with us a spell.

My Jake an' her had been cronies ever since they
could walk,

An' it tuk me aback to hear her kerrectin' him in his
talk.

Jake ain't no hand at grammar, though he hain't his
beat for work;

But I sez ter myself "Look out, my gal, yer a-foolin'
with a turk!"

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Jake bore it wonderful patient, an' said in a mournful way,
He p'sumed he was behindhand with the doin's at Injun Bay,
I remember once he was askin' for some o' my Injun buns,
An' she said he should allus say, "them air," stid o' "them is" the ones.
Wal, Mary Ann kep' at him stiddy mornin' an' evenin' long,
Tell he dassent open his mouth for fear o' talkin' wrong.

One day I was pickin' currants daown by the old quince-tree,
When I heerd Jake's voice a-sayin' "Be yer willin' ter marry me?"
An Mary Ann kerrectin' "Air ye willin' yeou sh'd say;"
Our Jake he put his foot daown in a plum, decided way,
"No wimmen-folks is a-goin' ter be rearrangin' me,
Hereafter I says 'craps,' 'them is,' 'I calk'late,' an' 'I be.'
Ef folks don't like my talk they needn't hark ter what I say;

COURTING IN KENTUCKY.

But I ain't a-goin' to take no sass from folks from
Injun Bay.

I ask you free an' final, 'Be ye goin' ter marry
me?'"

An Mary Ann sez, tremblin' yet anxious-like, "I
be."

FLORENCE E. PRATT.

The Lawyer's Invocation to Spring.

WHEREAS, on certain boughs and sprays
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise,
Hail to the coming on of Spring !

The songs of those said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid — happy pairs —
Love, 'mid the aforesaid boughs, inshrines
In freehold nests ; themselves their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns.

O busiest term of Cupid's Court,
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring, —
Season of frolic and of sport,
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring !

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

THE LEARNED NEGRO.

The Learned Negro.

THERE was a negro preacher, I have heard,
In Southern parts before rebellion stirred,
Who did not spend his strength in empty sound ;
His was a mind deep-reaching and profound.
Others might beat the air, and make a noise,
And help to amuse the silly girls and boys ;
But as for him he was a man of thought,
Deep in theology, although untaught.
He could not read or write, but he was wise,
And knew right smart how to extemporize.
One Sunday morn, when hymns and prayers were said,
The preacher rose, and rubbing up his head,
“ Bredren and sisterin, and companions dear,
Our preaching to-day, as you shall hear,
Will be ob de creation,— ob de plan
On which God fashioned Adam, de fust man.
When God made Adam, in de ancient day,
He made his body out ob earth and clay,
He shape him all out right, den by and by,
He set him up agin de fence to dry.”
“ Stop,” said a voice ; and straightway there uprose,
An ancient negro in his master’s clothes.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

"Tell me," said he, "before you farder go,
One little thing which I should like to know.
It does not quite get through dis niggar's har,
How came dat fence so nice and handy dar?"
Like one who in the mud is tightly stuck,
Or one non-plussed, astonished, thunderstruck,
The preacher looked severely on the pews,
And rubbed his hair to know what words to use:
"Bredren," said he, "dis word I hab to say;
De preacher can't be bothered in dis way;
For, if he is, it's jest as like as not,
Our whole theology will be upsot."

ANONYMOUS.

The Height of the Ridiculous.

I WROTE some lines once on a time,
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him,
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

“These to the printer,” I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added, (as a trifling jest,)
“There’ll be the devil to pay.”

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A DUTCHMAN'S DOG STORY.

A Dutchman's Dog Story.

DERE vhas a leedle womans once
Who keepet a leedle shtore,
Und had a leedle puppy dog
Dot shtoodt pefore der door.
Und evfery dime der peoples coom
He opened vide him's jaw.
Schnip ! Schnap ! shoost so,
Und bite dem.

Vun day anoder puppy dog
Cooms runnin' down der shtreet,
Oudt of Herr Schneider's sausage-shop,
Vhere he had shtoled some meat ;
Und after him der Schneider man —
Der vhind vhas not more fleet.
Whir-r-r ! Whist ! shoost so,
Like vinkin !

Der leedle woman's puppy dog
Vhas lookin' at der fun,
He barkit at der Schneider man,
Und right pefore him run ;

Den fell him down, dot Schneider man,
Like shooted mit a gun.

Bang! Crash! shoost so,
Und voorser.

Der puppy dog dot shtoled der meat,
Roon'd on und got avhay;

Der leedle woman's puppy dog
Der Schneider man did slay,
Und make him indo sausages—
Dot's vot der peoples say.

Chip! Chop! shoost so,
Und sell him.

DER MORAL.

Der moral is, don't interfere
Vhen droubles is aroundt;
Der man dot's in der fightin' crowd
Vhill get hurt I'll be pound.
Mind your own peesness, dot is pest,
In life she vhill be found.

Yaw! yaw! shoost so,
I pet you.

JOHN THOMAS BROWN.

Wedded Bliss.

“O COME and be my mate!” said the Eagle to
the Hen;

“I love to soar, but then
I want my mate to rest
Forever in the nest!”
Said the Hen, “I cannot fly,
I have no wish to try,

But I joy to see my mate careering through the sky!”
They wed, and cried, “Ah, this is Love, my own!”
And the Hen sat, the Eagle soared, alone.

“O come and be my mate!” said the Lion to the
Sheep;

“My love for you is deep!
I slay, a Lion should,
But you are mild and good!”
Said the Sheep, “I do no ill—
Could not, had I the will—

But I joy to see my mate pursue, devour, and kill.”
They wed, and cried, “Ah, this is Love, my own!”
And the Sheep browsed, the Lion prowled, alone.

“O come and be my mate!” said the Salmon to the Clam;
 “You are not wise, but I am.
 I know sea and stream as well;
 You know nothing but your shell.”
 Said the Clam, “I’m slow of motion,
 But my love is all devotion,
And I joy to have my mate traverse lake and stream
 and ocean!”
They wed, and cried, “Ah, this is Love, my own!”
And the Clam sucked, the Salmon swam, alone.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

Ol' Pickett's Nell.

Century Magazine.

FEEL more 'an ever like a fool
Sence Pickett's Nell come back from
school.

She oncen wuz twelve 'nd me eighteen
('Nd better friends you never seen);

But now — oh, my!

She's dressed so fine, 'nd growed so tall,
'Nd l'arnin' — she jes knows it all.

She's eighteen now, but I'm so slow
I'm whar I wuz six year ago.

Six year! Waal, waal! doan't seem a week
Sence we rode Dolly to th' creek,
'Nd fetched th' cattle home at night,
Her hangin' to my jacket tight.

But now — oh, my!

She rides in Pickett's new coopay
Jes like she'd be'n bring up thet way,
'Nd lookin' like a reg'lar queen —
Th' mostest like *I* ever seen.

She uster tease, 'nd tease, 'nd tease
 Me fer to take her on my knees;
 Then tired me out 'ith Marge'y Daw,
 'Nd laffin' tell my throat wuz raw.

But now — oh, my !

She sets up this way — kinder proud,
 'Nd never noways laughs out loud.
 You w'u'dn't hardly think thet she
 Hed ever see-sawed on *my* knee.

'Nd sometimes, ef at noon I'd choose
 To find a shady place 'nd snooze,
 I'd wake with burdocks in my hair
 'Nd elderberries in my ear.

But now — oh, my !

Somebody said ('twuz yesterday):
 "Let's hev some fun w'ile Ned's away;
 Let's turn his jacket inside out!"
 But Nell — she'd jes turn red 'nd pout.

'Nd oncet when I wuz dreamin'-like,
 A-throwin' akerns in th' dike,
 She put her arms clean round my head,
 'Nd whispered soft, "I like you, Ned;"

But now — oh, my !

OL' PICKETT'S NELL.

She curteseyed so stiff 'nd grand,
'Nd never oncen held out her hand,
'Nd called me "Mister Edward!" Laws!
Thet ain't my name, 'nd never wuz.

'Nd them 'at knowed 'er years ago
Jes laughed t' see 'er put on so;
Coz it wuz often talked, 'nd said,
"Nell Pickett's jes cut out fer Ned."

But now — oh, my!

She held her purty head so high,
'Nd skasely saw me goin' by—
I w'u'dn't dast (afore last night)
A-purposely come near her sight.

Last night! — Ez I wuz startin' out
To git th' cows, I heerd a shout;
'Nd, sure ez ghostses, she wuz thar,
A-settin' on ol' Pickett's mar';

'Nd then — oh, my!

She said she'd cried fer all th' week
To take th' ol' ride to th' creek;
Then talked about ol' times, 'nd said,
"Them days wuz happy, wa'n't they, Ned?"

Th' folks wuz talkin' ev'rywhars
'Bout her a-puttin' on sech airs,
'Nd seemed t' me like they wuz right,
Afore th' cows come home last night.

But now — oh, my !

• • • • • • • • •

MATHER DEAN KIMBALL.

Little Breeches.

A PIKE COUNTY VIEW OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

I DON'T go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show ;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort of thing,—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along,—
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,—
And I'd larnt him ter chaw terbacker,
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store ;

I went in for a jug of molasses
 And left the team at the door.
 They scared at something and started,—
 I heard one little squall,
 And hell-to-split over the prairie
 Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
 I was almost froze with skeer;
 But we rousted up some torches,
 And searched for 'em far and near.
 At last we struck hosses and wagon,
 Snowed under a soft white mound,
 Upsot, dead beat,— but of little Gabe
 No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
 Of my fellow-critters' aid,—
 I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
 Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

• • • • •

By this, the torches was played out,
 And me and Isrul Parr
 Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
 That he said was somewhar thar.

LITTLE BREECHES.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And *thar* sot Little Breeches and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
“I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that’s what’s the matter of me.”

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm.
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around The Throne.

JOHN HAY.

Early Rising.

“ GOD bless the man who first invented sleep ! ”
 So Sancho Panza said, and so say I :
 And bless him, also, that he didn’t keep
 His great discovery to himself ; nor try
 To make it — as the lucky fellow might —
 A close monopoly by patent-right !

Yes — bless the man who first invented sleep,
 (I really can’t avoid the iteration ;)
 But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,
 Whate’er the rascal’s name, or age, or station,
 Who first invented, and went round advising,
 That artificial cut-off — Early Rising !

“ Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,”
 Observes some solemn, sentimental owl ;
 Maxims like these are very cheaply said ;
 But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
 Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
 And whether larks have any beds at all !

The time for honest folks to be a-bed
 Is in the morning, if I reason right ;

EARLY RISING.

And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery ; or else — he drinks !

Thompson, who sung about the “ Seasons,” said
It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season ;
But then he said it — lying — in his bed,
At ten o’clock A. M., — the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is
His preaching wasn’t sanctioned by his practice.

’Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake, —
Awake to duty, and awake to truth, —
But when, alas ! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood or asleep !

’Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
For the soft visions of the gentle night ;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
To live as only in the angels’ sight,
In sleep’s sweet realm so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin !

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.

I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
 Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, “Served him right! — it’s not at all sur-
 prising;

The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!”

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

THE MEETING OF THE CLABBERHUSES.

The Meeting of the Clabberhuses.

I.

HE was the Chairman of the Guild
Of Early Pleiocene Patriarchs;
He was chief Mentor of the Lodge
Of the Oracular Oligarchs.
He was the Lord High Autocrat
And Vizier of the Sons of Light,
And Sultan and Grand Mandarin
Of the Millennial Men of Might.

He was Grand Totem and High Priest
Of the Independent Potentates;
Grand Mogul of the Galaxy
Of the Illustrious Stay-out-lates;
The President of the Dandydudes,
The Treasurer of the Sons of Glee;
The Leader of the Clubtown Band
And Architects of Melody.

II.

She was Grand Worthy Prophetess
Of the Illustrious Maids of Mark;

Of Vestals of the Third Degree
She was Most Potent Matriarch ;
She was High Priestess of the Shrine
Of Clubtown's Culture Coterie,
And First Vice-President of the League
Of the Illustrious G. A. B.

She was the First Dame of the Club
For Teaching Patagonians Greek ;
She was Chief Clerk and Auditor
Of Clubtown's Anti-Bachelor Clique ;
She was High Treasurer of the Fund
For Borrioboolaghilians,
And the Fund for Sending Browning's Poems
To Native-born Australians.

III.

Once to a crowded social fête
Both these much-titled people came,
And each perceived, when introduced,
They had the selfsame name.
Their hostess said, when first they met :
“ Permit me now to introduce
My good friend Mr. Clabberhuse
To Mrs. Clabberhuse.”

THE MEETING OF THE CLABBERHUSES.

“ ‘Tis very strange,” said she to him,
“ Such an unusual name.

A name so very seldom heard,
That we should bear the same.”
“ Indeed, ‘tis wonderful,” said he,
“ And I’m surprised the more,
Because I never heard the name
Outside my home before.

“ But now I come to look at you,”
Said he, “ upon my life,
If I am not indeed deceived,
You are — you are — my wife.”
She gazed into his searching face
And seemed to look him through;
“ Indeed,” said she, “ it seems to me
You are my husband, too.

“ I’ve been so busy with my clubs
And in my various spheres
I have not seen you now,” she said,
“ For over fourteen years.”
“ That’s just the way it’s been with me,
These clubs demand a sight”—
And then they both politely bowed,
And sweetly said “ Good night.”

SAM WALTER FOSS.

Leedle Yawcob Strauss.

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
 Vot comes schust to mine knee ;
 Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
 As efer you dit see.
 He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
 In all barts off der house :
 But vot off dot ? He vas mine son,
 Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs
 Und eferyding dot's oudt ;
 He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
 Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.
 He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese —
 Dot was der roughest chouse ;
 I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
 But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
 Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
 To make der schticks to beat it mit —
 Mine cracious, dot vas drue !

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
 He kicks oup sooch a touse:
But nefer mind; der poys vas few
 Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
 Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
 Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
 Vene'er der glim I douse.
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
 To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
 Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
 Und beaceful dimes enshoy;
But ven he vas aschleep in ped,
 So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
 But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

The Prayer of Cyrus Brown.

“THE proper way for a man to pray,”
Said Deacon Lemuel Keyes,
“And the only proper attitude
Is down upon his knees.”

“No, I should say the way to pray,”
Said Rev. Dr. Wise,
“Is standing straight with outstretched arms
And rapt and upturned eyes.”

“Oh, no; no, no,” said Elder Slow,
“Such posture is too proud:
A man should pray with eyes fast closed
And head contritely bowed.”

“It seems to me his hands should be
Austerely clasped in front,
With both thumbs pointing toward the ground,”
Said Rev. Dr. Blunt.

“Las’ year I fell in Hodgkin’s well
Head first,” said Cyrus Brown,

THE PRAYER OF CYRUS BROWN.

“ With both my heels a-stickin’ up,
My head a-pinting down ;

“ An’ I made a prayer right then an’ there —
Best prayer I ever said,
The prayingest prayer I ever prayed,
A-standing on my head.”

SAM WALTER Foss.

Jim.

HE was jes' a plain, ever'-day, all-round kind of a
jour.,

Consumpted-lookin' — but la !

The jokiest, wittiest, story-tellin', song-singin', laugh'
in'est, jolliest

Feller you ever saw !

Worked at jes' coarse work, but you kin bet he was
fine enough in his talk,

And his feelin's too !

Lordy ! ef he was on'y back on his bench agin to-
day, a-carryin' on

Like he ust to do !

Any shop-mate'll tell you there never was, on top o
dirt,

A better feller'n Jim !

You want a favor, and couldn't git it anywhere
else —

You could git it o' him !

Most free-heartedest man thataway in the world, I
guess,

Give up ever' nickel he's worth —

And, ef you'd a-wanted it, and named it to him, and
it was his,

He'd a-give you the earth !

Allus a-reachin' out, Jim was, and a-he'pin' some
Pore feller onto his feet —

He'd a-never a-keered how hungry he was hisse'f,
So's *the feller* got somepin' to eat !

Didn't make no difference at all to him how *he* was
dressed,

He ust to say to me, —

“ You togg out a tramp purty comfortable in winter
time, a-huntin' a job,

And he'll git along ! ” says he.

Jim didn't have, ner never could git ahead **so** overly
much

O' this world's goods at a time, —

'Fore now I've saw him more'n onc't lend a dollar,
and haf' to, more'n likely,

Turn 'round and borry a dime !

Mebby laugh and joke about it hisse'f fer a while —
then jerk his coat,

And kindo' square his chin,

Tie on his apern, and squat hisse'f on his old shoe-
bench,

And go to peggin' agin !

Patientest feller too, I reckon, at ever jes' naturely
 Coughed hisse'f to death !
 Long enough after his voice was lost he'd laugh in
 a whisper and say
 He could git ever'thing but his breath —
 " You fellers," he'd sort o' twinkle his eyes and say,
 " Is a-pilin' onto me
 A mighty big debt for that air little weak-chested
 ghost o' mine to pack
 Through all Eternity ! "

Now there was a man 'at jes' 'peared like, to me,
 'At ortn't *a-never* a-died !
 " But death hain't a-showin' no favors," the old boss
 said,
 " On'y to Jim !" and cried :
 And Wigger, who puts up the best sewed work in the
 shop,
 Er the whole blame neighborhood,
 He says, " When God made Jim, I bet you He didn't
 do anything else that day
 But jes' set around and feel good ! "

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

“CHRISTMAS-NIGHT IN THE QUARTERS.”

From “Christmas-night in the Quarters.”

GO 'way, fiddle! Folks is tired o' hearin' you
a-squawkin',
Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you heah de
banjo talkin'?
About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter — ladies,
listen —
About de ha'r whut isn't dar, and why de h'ar is
missin'.

“Dar's gwine to be a' overflow,” said Noah, lookin'
solemn —
Fur Noah tuk the “Herald,” and he read de ribber
column —
An' so he set his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber
patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat the
steamah “Natchez.”

Oi' Noah kep' a-nailin', an' a-chippin', an' a-sawin';
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an'
a-pshawin',

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz gwine
to happen,
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drap-
pin'.

Now, Noah had done catched a lot ob ebry sort of
beas'es,
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a Morgaw colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey
cattle—
An' druv 'em board de Ark as soon's he heered de
thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain! It come so awful
hebby
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbee;
De people all wuz drownded out — 'cep' Noah an' de
critters
An' men he'd hired to work de boat, an' one to mix
de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' *an'* a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';
De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; tell whut wid
all de fussin'
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an'
cussin'.

"CHRISTMAS-NIGHT IN THE QUARTERS."

Now Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de
packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop an' c'u'dn't stand de
racket;
An' so, fur to amuse hisse'f, he steamed some wood
an' bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made — de fust that was
invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an'
screws an' aprin,
An' fitted in a proper neck — 'twuz berry long an'
tap'rin'.
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to
ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine
to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's
a-singin';
De ha'rs so long an' thick an' strong — des fit fur
banjo-stringin';
Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as washday-dinner
graces;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to
bases.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig — 'twuz "Nebber min' de wedder" —
She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder.
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin'; Noah called
de figgers,
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob
niggers !

Now, sence dat time — it's mighty strange — dere's
not de slightes' showin'
Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
An' curi's, too, dat nigger's ways: his people nebber
los' 'em —
Fur whar you finds de nigger — dar's de banjo an' de
'possum.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

Five Lives.

FIVE mites of monads dwelt in a round drop
That twinkled on a leaf by a pool in the sun.
To the naked eye they lived invisible;
Specks, for a world of whom the empty shell
Of a mustard-seed had been a hollow sky.

One was a meditative monad, called a sage;
And, shrinking all his mind within, he thought:
“ Tradition, handed down for hours and hours,
Tells that our globe, this quivering crystal world,
Is slowly dying. What if, seconds hence
When I am very old, yon shimmering doom
Comes drawing down and down, till all things
end?”

Then with a wizen smirk he proudly felt
No other mote of God had ever gained
Such giant grasp of universal truth.

One was a transcendental monad; thin
And long and slim of mind; and thus he mused:
“ Oh, vast, unfathomable monad-souls!

Made in the image"—a hoarse frog croaks
from the pool,

"Hark! 'twas some god, voicing his glorious
thought

In thunder music! Yea, we hear their voice,
And we may guess their minds from ours, their
work.

Some taste they have like ours, some tendency
To wriggle about, and munch a trace of scum."
He floated up on a pin-point bubble of gas
That burst, pricked by the air, and he was gone.

One was a barren-minded monad, called
A positivist; and he knew positively;
"There was no world beyond this certain drop.
Prove me another! Let the dreamers dream
Of their faint gleams, and noises from without,
And higher and lower; life is life enough."
Then swaggering half a hair's breadth hungrily
He seized upon an atom of bug, and fed.

One was a tattered monad, called a poet;
And with a shrill voice ecstatic thus he sang:
"Oh, little female monad's lips!
Oh, little female monad's eyes!
Ah, the little, little, female, female monad!"

FIVE LIVES.

The last was a strong-minded monadess,
Who dashed amid the infusoria,
Danced high and low, and wildly spun and dove,
Till the dizzy others held their breath to see.

But while they led their wondrous little lives
Æonian moments had gone wheeling by,
The burning drop had shrunk with fearful speed ;
A glistening film — 'twas gone ; the leaf was dry.
The little ghost of an inaudible squeak
Was lost to the frog that goggled from his stone ;

Who, at the huge, slow tread of a thoughtful ox
Coming to drink, stirred sideways fatly, plunged,
Launched backward twice, and all the pool was
still.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

Sary "Fixes Up" Things.

O H, yes, we've be'n fixin' up some sence we sold
that piece o' groun'

Fer a place to put a golf-lynx to them crazy dudes
from town.

(Anyway, they laughed like crazy when I had it
specified,

If they put a golf-lynx on it, thet they'd haf to keep
him tied.)

But they paid the price all reg'lar, an' then Sary says
to me,

"Now we're goin' to fix the parlor up, an' settin'-
room," says she.

Fer she 'lowed she'd been a-scrimpin' an' a-scrapin'
all her life,

An' she meant fer once to have things good as Cousin
Ed'ard's wife.

Well, we went down to the city, an' she bought the
blamedest mess;

An' them clerks there must 'a' took her fer a' Astor-
oid, I guess;

Fer they showed her fancy bureaus which they said
was shiffoneers,

SARY "FIXES UP" THINGS.

An' some more they said was dressers, an' some curtains called porteeers.

An' she looked at that there furnicher, an' felt them curtains' heft;

Then she sailed in like a cyclone an' she bought 'em right an' left;

An' she picked a Bress'l's carpet that was flowered like Cousin Ed's,

But she drawed the line com-pletely when we got to foldin'-beds.

Course, she said, 't 'u'd make the parlor lots more roomier, she s'posed;

But she 'lowed she'd have a bedstid that was shore to stay un-closed;

An' she stopped right there an' told us sev'ral tales of folks she'd read

Bein' overtook in slumber by the "fatal foldin'-bed."

"Not ef it wuz set in di'mon's ! Nary foldin'-bed fer me !

I ain't goin' to start fer glory in a rabbit-trap ! " says she.

"When the time comes I'll be ready an' a-waitin'; but ez yet,

I sha'n't go to sleep a-thinkin' that I've got the triggers set."

Well, sir, shore as yo' 're a-livin', after all thet Sary said,
'Fore we started home that evenin' she hed bought a foldin'-bed;
An' she's put it in the parlor, where it adds a heap o' style;
An' we're sleepin' in the settin'-room at present fer a while.
Sary still maintains it's han'some; "an' them city folks 'll see
That we're posted on the fashions when they visit us," says she;
But it plagues her some to tell her, ef it ain't no other use,
We can set it fer the golf-lynx ef he ever sh'u'd get loose.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINÉ.

The Courtin'.

GOD makes sech nights, all white an'
still

Fur'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
EZ the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clear grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
EZ a south slope in Ap'il.

THE COURTIN'.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some*!
She seemed to've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' *knowed* it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

" You want to see my Pa, I s'pose ? "
" Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin' " —
" To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin' ;
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, " I'd better call agin ; "
Says she, " Think likely, Mister : "
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

THE COURTING'.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
An' gin' 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An all I know is they was cried
I'm meetin' come nex' Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Palabras Grandiosas.¹

AFTER T—— B—— A——.

I LAY i' the bosom of the sun,
Under the roses dappled and dun.
I thought of the Sultan Gingerbeer,
In his palace beside the Bendemeer,
With his Affghan guards and his eunuchs blind,
And the harem that stretched for a league behind.
The tulips bent i' the summer breeze,
Under the broad chrysanthemum-trees,
And the minstrel, playing his culverin,
Made for mine ears a merry din.
If I were the Sultan, and he were I,
Here i' the grass he should loafing lie,
And I should bestride my zebra steed,
And ride to the hunt of the centipede:
While the pet of the harem, Dandeline,
Should fill me a crystal bucket of wine,
And the kislar aga, Up-to-Snuff,
Should wipe my mouth when I sighed, "Enough!"
And the gay court-poet, Fearfulbore,

¹ "The Echo Club."

PALABRAS GRANDIOSAS.

Should sit in the hall when the hunt was o'er,
And chant me songs of silvery tone,
Not from Hafiz, but—mine own!

Ah, wee sweet love, beside me here,
I am not the Sultan Gingerbeer,
Nor you the odalisque Dandeline,
Yet I am yourn, and you are mine!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Signs of the Times.

“Dear Jones”

(I *will* not do as he
Requests, and I am fervent
In saying so)—“and I remain
Your most obedient servant.”

“Dear Brown”

(He’s not the company
A wise man would select)—
“And pray believe me, sir, I am
Yours with profound respect.”

“Dear Tom,

Your favour is at hand”—
(But I decline to lend
The small amount he mentions)—“and
As ever, I’m your friend.”

“Dear Smith”

(I like him not at all;
I tolerate him merely;
He bores me when he makes a call)—
“And I am yours sincerely.”

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

“Dear Will”

(It certainly would please
Me if, for lack of breath,
He'd go where he would never freeze)—
“With love I'm yours till death.”

“Dear Ned”

(I hope he'll not again
Ask favours from me)—“and
I have the honour to remain
Yours humbly to command.”

Dear Friends—

When we're obliged to sign
Our names to letters duly,
Both much and nothing we combine
By saying just—

“Yours truly.”

H. C. DODGE.

A Letter from Mr. Ezekiel Biglow.¹

THRASH away, you'll *hev* to rattle
On them kittle-drums o' yourn,
'Tain't a knowin' kind o' cattle
Thet is ketched with mouldy corn;
Put in stiff, you fifer feller,
Let folks see how spry you be,—
Guess you'll toot till you are yellor
'Fore you git ahold o' me !

Thet air flag's a leetle rotten,
Hope it ain't your Sunday's best;—
Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton
To stuff out a soger's chest:
Sence we farmers hev to pay fer 't,
Ef you must wear humps like these
Sposin' you should try salt hay fer 't,
It would du ez slick ez grease.

'Twouldn't suit them Southun fellers,
They're a dreffle grasin' set,

¹ "The Biglow Papers."

N.Y. State

Swallowing 17



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

A LETTER FROM MR. EZEKIEL BIGLOW.

We must ollers blow the bellers
Wen they want their irons het ;
May be it's all right ez preachin',
But *my* narves it kind o' grates,
Wen I see the overreachin'
O' them nigger-drivin' States.

Them thet rule us, them slave-traders,
Hain't they cut a thunderin' swarth
(Helped by Yankee renegaders),
Thru the vartu o' the North !
We begin to think it's nater
To take sarse an' not be riled ; —
Who'd expect to see a tater
All on eend at bein' biled ?

Ez fer war, I call it murder, —
There you hev it plain an' flat ;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testymont fer that ;
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

'Tain't your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right ;

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

'Tain't a-follerin' your bell-wethers
 Will excuse ye in His sight;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
 An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,
 God'll send the bill to you.

Wut's the use o' meetin'-goin'
 Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it's right to go amowin'
 Feller-men like oats an' rye?
I dunno but wut it's pooty
 Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
But it's curus Christian dooty
 This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.

They may talk o' Freedom's airy
 Tell they're pupple in the face,—
It's a grand gret cemetary
 Fer the barthrights of our race;
They jest want this Californy
 So's to lug new slave-states in
To abuse ye, an' to scorn ye,
 An' to plunder ye like sin.

Ain't it cute to see a Yankee
 Take sech everlastin' pains,

A LETTER FROM MR. EZEKIEL BIGLOW.

All to git the Devil's thankee
Helpin' on 'em weld their chains?
Wy, it's jest ez clear ez figgers,
Clear ez one an' one make two,
Chaps thet make black slaves o' niggers
Want to make wite slaves o' you.

Tell ye jest the eend I've come to
Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,
An' it makes a handy sum, tu,
Any gump could larn by heart;
Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
Hev one glory an' one shame.
Ev'y thin' thet's done inhuman
Injers all on 'em the same.

'Tain't by turnin' out to hack folks
You're agoin' to git your right,
Nor by lookin' down on black folks
Coz you're put upon by wite;
Slavery ain't o' nary color,
'Tain't the hide thet makes it wus,
All it keers fer in a feller
'S jest to make him fill its pus.

Want to tackle *me* in, du ye?
I expect you'll hev to wait;

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Wen cold lead puts daylight thru ye
 You'll begin to kal'late ;
S'pose the crows wun't fall to pickin'
 All the carkiss from your bones,
Coz you helped to give a lickin'
 To them poor half-Spanish drones ?

Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
 Wether I'd be sech a goose
Ez to jine ye,— guess you'd fancy
 The etarnal bung wuz loose !
She wants me fer home consumption,
 Let alone the hay's to mow,—
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,
 You've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors thet's crowin'
 Like a cockerel three months old,—
Don't ketch any on 'em goin',
 Though they *be* so blasted bold ;
Ain't they a prime lot o' fellers?
 'Fore they think on't they will sprout
(Like a peach thet's got the yellers),
 With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
 Bigger pens to cram with slaves,

A LETTER FROM MR. EZEKIEL BIGLOW.

Help the men that's ollers dealin'
Insults on your fathers' graves;
Help the strong to grind the feeble,
Help the many agin the few,
Help the men that call your people
Witewashed slaves an' peddlin' crew?

Massachusetts, God forgive her,
She's akneelin' with the rest,
She, that ought' to ha' clung ferever
In her grand old eagle-nest;
She that ought' to stand so fearless
Wile the wracks are round her hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world!

Hain't they sold your colored seamen?
Hain't they made your env'y's wiz?
Wut'll make ye act like freemen?
Wut'll git your dander riz?
Come, I'll tell ye wut I'm thinkin'
Is our dooty in this fix,
They'd ha' done 't ez quick ez winkin'
In the days o' seventy-six.

Clang the bells in every steeple,
Call all true men to disown

The tradoochers of our people,
 The enslavers o' their own ;
 Let our dear old Bay State proudly
 Put the trumpet to her mouth,
 Let her ring this messidge loudly
 In the ears of all the South :—

“ I'll return ye good fer evil
 Much ez we frail mortils can,
 But I wun't go help the Devil
 Makin' man the cuss o' man ;
 Call me coward, call me traiter,
 Jest ez suits your mean idees,—
 Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
 An' the friend o' God an' Peace ! ”

If I'd *my* way I hed ruther
 We should go to work an' part,—
 They take one way, we take t'other,—
 Guess it wouldn't break my heart ;
 Man hed ough' to put asunder
 Them thet God has noways jined ;
 An' I shouldn't gretly wonder
 Ef there's thousands o' my mind.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ODE ON A JAR OF PICKLES.

Ode on a Jar of Pickles.¹

I.

A SWEET, acidulous, down-reaching thrill
Pervades my sense: I seem to see or hear
The lushy garden-grounds of Greenwich Hill
In autumn, when the crispy leaves are sere:
And odors haunt me of remotest spice
From the Levant or musky-aired Cathay,
Or from the saffron-fields of Jericho,
Where everything is nice:
The more I sniff the more I swoon away,
And what else mortal palate craves, forego.

II.

Odors unsmelled are keen, but those I smell
Are keener; wherefore let me sniff again!
Enticing walnuts, I have known ye well
In youth, when pickles were a passing pain;
Unwitting youth, that craves the candy stem,
And sugar-plums to olives doth prefer,
And even licks the pots of marmalade
When sweetness clings to them:

¹ "The Echo Club."

But now I dream of ambergris and myrrh,
Tasting these walnuts in the poplar shade.

III.

Lo ! hoarded coolness in the heart of noon,
Plucked with its dew, the cucumber is here,
As to the Dryad's parching lips a boon,
And crescent bean-pods, unto Bacchus dear ;
And, last of all, the pepper's pungent globe,
The scarlet dwelling of the sylph of fire,
Provoking purple draughts ; and, surfeited,
I cast my trailing robe
O'er my pale feet, touch up my tuneless lyre,
And twist the Delphic wreath to suit my head.

IV.

Here shall my tongue in other wise be soured
Than fretful men's in parched and palsied days ;
And, by the mid-May's dusky leaves embowered
Forget the fruitful blame, the scanty praise.
No sweets to them who sweet themselves were born,
Whose natures ooze with lucent saccharine ;
Who, with sad repetition soothly cloyed,
The lemon-tinted morn
Enjoy, and for acetic darkness pine :
Wake I, or sleep ? The pickle-jar is void.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

The Cowboy's Tale.

"**A**RE there no real good Injuns?"

The cowboy raised his head,
And, glancing at the Tenderfoot,

He turned to him and said :

"I rode the prairies, pardner,
Ten years in rain or sun,
But, as to real good Injuns,
I ain't met more'n one.

A swig o' that horse liniment,

And then I'll try to place
This **A** i virtuous redskin
That for goodness trumps the ace.

T'was at the bar at Mack's Ford,

A lot of boys one day
Got making things quite lively
In a ball and cartridge way.

I banged around about me,
And didn't count the odds —

I'd been soakin' electricity
Like fifty lightning rods —
When suddenly the Sheriff

And his gang came bounding down,

And the boys took to their cattle
 And dusted out o' town.
But something was the matter
 With my headworks, I daresay,
For I stumbled by the roadside,
 And couldn't find my way.
And the next I can remember
 It was night and pitchy black,
And I tried to strike the trail from there,
 But couldn't hit a track;
And I was mighty dizzy
 And felt I should have died,
When standing just before me
 An Injun's shape I spied.
He held his hands out to me,
 But didn't say a word!
And when I tried to hail him
 He neither spoke nor stirred.
And then I slipped in somehow
 Between each sturdy arm,
And he let me down so gentle,
 Without a bit o' harm.
And I lay there quite contented,
 And slept until 'twas day,
And woke to find him watching
 At my side the same old way.
So I climbed upon my uprights,

THE COWBOY'S TALE.

And a word I couldn't say,
But I looked the red man in the face,
 And then—I sneaked away.
We parted. But as years pass by
 I wonder more and more
If that wood Injun sign-post stands
 At Mack's tobacco store."

“WYOMING KIT.”

A Tale of a Nose.

'TWAS a hard case, that which happened in Lynn.
Haven't heard of it, eh? Well then, to begin,
There's a Jew down there whom they call "Old
Mose,"
Who travels about, and buys old clothes.

Now Mose — which the same is short for Moses —
Had one of the biggest kind of noses:
It had a sort of instep in it,
And he fed it with snuff about once a minute.

One day he got in a bit of a row
With a German chap who had kissed his *frau*,
And, trying to punch him *à la Mace*,
Had his nose cut off close up to his face.

He picked it up from off the ground,
And quickly back in its place 'twas bound,
Keeping the bandage upon his face
Until it had fairly healed in place.

Alas for Mose! 'Twas a sad mistake
Which he in his haste that day did make;

A TALE OF A NOSE.

For, to add still more to his bitter cup,
He found he had placed it *wrong side up*.

" There's no great loss without some gain ; "
And Moses says, in a jocular vein,
He arranged it so for taking snuff,
As he never before could get enough.

One thing, by the way, he forgets to add,
Which makes the arrangement rather bad :
Although he can take his snuff with ease,
He has to stand on his head to sneeze !

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

The King's Daughter.¹

Century Magazine.

WHIN you was out a lady called,
A lady foine and fair,
Wid swate, blue eyes and purty mouth,
And lovely banged up hair.

And whin she asked ef you was in,
Says I, "No, mum, she's not;
But ef you'll lave yer card wid me,
I'll see it's not forgot."

"Oh, niver moind," says she. "I came
A little news to bring
About some poor we're doing for —
I'm dau'ther av the King."

Thin "houly saints!" I lost me wits,
And curtsied down so low,
That whin the princess left the door,
I niver saw her go.

¹ "The King's Daughters" is the name of a numerous benevolent organization of American women.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

But gettin' quick me sines back,
I hurried down the strate,
And bowin' low, says I to her,
" Pray won't your hoighness wait?"

She looked at me and smiled most swate,
Wid all her white teeth showin':
" No, not to-day; I'll come again.
'Tis toime I must be goin'."

Now, though I am a dimmocrat,
All kings and queenses hatin',
And bein' an American,
All white folks aqual ratin',

I'd loike to know the princess's name,
And who moight be her father,
And what she's doin' over here
So far across the wather.

And ef her Royal Hoighness wants
A maid to wait upon her,
I'll do it on these blissed knaes,
Sure's me name's O'Connor.

MARY L. HENDERSON.

*Revival Hymn.¹*A SONG OF "UNCLE REMUS."¹

O H, whar shill we go w'en de great day comes,
 Wid de blowin' er de trum�ts en de bangin'
 er de drums?
 How many po' sinners'll be kotched out late
 En fine no latch ter de golden gate?
 No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer!
 De sun mustn't set on yo' sorrer,
 Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier —
 Oh, Lord! fetch the mo'ners up higher!

W'en de nashuns er de earf is a-stan'in' all aroun',
 Who's a gwine ter be choosen fer ter w'ar de glory-crown?
 Who's a gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed en bol',
 En answer to der name at de callin' er de roll?
 You better come now ef you comin' —
 Ole Satun is loose en a bummin' —
 De wheels er distruckshun is a hummin' —
 Oh, come 'long, sinner, ef you comin'!

¹ From "Uncle Remus." Copyright, 1880, by D. Appleton & Co.

REVIVAL HYMN.

De song er salvashun is a mighty sweet song,
En de Pairidise win' blow fur en blow strong,
En Aberham's bosom, hit's saft en hit's wide,
En right dar's de place whar de sinners ougter hide !
Oh, you nee'nter be a stoppin' en a lookin';
Ef you fool wid ole Satun you'll git took in ;
You'll hang on de aidge en get shook in,
Ef you keep on a stoppin' en a lookin'.

De time is right now, en dish yer's de place —
Let de sun er salvashun shine squar' in yo' face ;
Fight de battles er de Lord, fight soon en fight late,
En you'll allers fine a latch ter de golden gate.

No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer,
De sun mustn't set on yo' sorrer —
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier,
Ax de Lord fer ter fetch you up higher !

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

A Boston Lullaby.

BABY'S brain is tired of thinking
On the Wherfore and the Whence;
Baby's precious eyes are blinking
With incipient somnolence.

Little hands are weary turning
Heavy leaves of lexicon;
Little nose is fretted learning
How to keep its glasses on.

Baby knows the laws of nature
Are beneficent and wise;
His medulla oblongata
Bids my darling close his eyes,

And his pneumogastrics tell him
Quietude is always best
When his little cerebellum
Needs recuperative rest.

A BOSTON LULLABY.

Baby must have relaxation,
Let the world go wrong or right—
Sleep, my darling, leave Creation
To its chances for the night.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

To My Poland Rooster.¹

"O THOU, whatever title please thine ear,"
He-chicken, Rooster, Cock, or Chanticleer;
Whether on France's flag you flap and flare,
Or roost and drowse in Shelton's elbow-chair;
Or wake the drones, or please the female kind,
And cluck and strut with all your hens behind;
As symbol, teacher, time-piece, spouse, to you
Our praise is doubtless, Cock-a-doodle, due.

Oviparous Sultan, Pharaoh, Cæsar, Czar,
Sleep-shattering songster, feathered morning-star;
Many-wived Mormon, cock-pit Spartacus,
Winner alike of coin and hearty curse;
Sir Harum Scarum, knight by crest and spur,
Great, glorious, gallinaceous Aaron Burr,
How proud am I — how proud yon corn-fed flock
Of cackling houris are — of thee, Old Cock !

Illustrious Exile ! far thy kindred crow
Where Warsaw's towers with morning glories glow;

¹ "The Sparrowgrass Papers."

TO MY POLAND ROOSTER.

Shanghai and Chittagong may have their day,
And even Brahma-pootra fade away;
But thou shalt live, immortal Polack, thou,
Though Russia's eagle clips thy pinions now,
To flap thy wings and crow with all thy soul,
When Freedom spreads her light from Pole to Pole.

FREDERICK SWARTOUT COZZENS.

The Piazza.

THE beauteous Ethel's father has a
 New painted front piazza—
He has a
 Piazza;
When with tobacco juice 'twas tainted
They had that front piazza painted—
 That tainted
 Piazza painted.

Algernon called that night, perchance
Arrayed in comely sealskin pants—
 That night perchance
 In gorgeous pants;
Engaging Ethel in a chat
On that piazza down he sat—
 In chat
 They sat.

And when an hour or two had pass'd
He tried to rise, but oh! stuck fast—
 At last
 Stuck fast!

THE PIAZZA.

Fair Ethel shrieked "It is the paint!"
And fainted in a deadly faint—

This saint
Did faint.

Algernon sits there till this day—
He cannot tear himself away—

Away?
Nay, nay!

His pants are firm, the paint is dry—
He's nothing else to do but die—

To die!
O my!

ANONYMOUS.

A Kiss in the Rain.

ONE stormy morn I chanced to meet
A lassie in the town;
Her locks were like the ripened wheat,
Her laughing eyes were brown.
I watched her as she tripped along
Till madness filled my brain,
And then — and then — I know 'twas wrong —
I kissed her in the rain !

With rain-drops shining on her cheek,
Like dew-drops on a rose,
The little lassie strove to speak
My boldness to oppose ;
She strove in vain, and quivering
Her fingers stole in mine ;
And then the birds began to sing,
The sun began to shine.

Oh, let the clouds grow dark above,
My heart is light below ;
'Tis always summer when we love,
However winds may blow ;

A KISS IN THE RAIN.

And I'm as proud as any prince,
All honors I disdain:
She says I am her *rain beau* since
I kissed her in the rain.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

Feminine Arithmetic.

LAURA.

ON me he shall ne'er put a ring,
So, mamma, 'tis in vain to take trouble—
For I was but eighteen in spring,
While his age exactly is double.

MAMMA.

He's but in his thirty-sixth year,
Tall, handsome, good-natured and witty,
And should you refuse him, my dear,
May you die an old maid without pity !

LAURA.

His figure, I grant you, will pass,
And at present he's young enough plenty;
But when I am sixty, alas !
Will not he be a hundred and twenty ?

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE.

The Deacon's Masterpiece;

Or, The Wonderful "One-hoss Shay."

A LOGICAL STORY.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive, —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
 There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
 In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
 In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
 In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, lurking still,
 Find it somewhere you must and will,—
 Above or below, or within or without,—
 And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
 That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore, (as Deacons do,
 With an “I dew vum,” or an “I tell *yeou*”)
 He would build one shay to beat the taown
 ‘N’ the keounty ‘n’ all the kentry raoun’;
 It should be so built that it *couldn’t* break daown:
 “Fur,” said the Deacon, “‘t’s mighty plain
 That the weakes’ place mus’ stan’ the strain;
 ‘N’ the way t’ fix it, uz I maintain,
 Is only jest
 T’ make that place uz strong uz the rest.”

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That couldn’t be split nor bent nor broke,—
 That was for spokes and floor and sills;
 He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
 The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE.

The panels of white-wood that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these ;
The hubs of logs from the " Settler's Ellum," —
Last of its timber, — they couldn't sell 'em,
Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips ;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin, too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide ;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he " put her through." —
" There ! " said the Deacon, " Naow she'll dew ! "

Do ! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less !
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they ?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-Earthquake-day !

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED ; — it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.

Eighteen hundred increased by ten ;—
“ Hahnsum kerridge ” they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came ;—
Running as usual ; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and **FIFTY-FIVE.**

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact there’s nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large ;
Take it. — You’re welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER — the Earthquake-day —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn’t be, — for the Deacon’s art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn’t a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels were just as strong as the floor,
And the whiffle-tree neither less nor more,

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE.

And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt,
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five !
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way !
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
" Huddup !" said the parson. — Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
— First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock !
— What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around ?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground !

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BAIT OF THE AVERAGE FISHERMAN.

Bait of the Average Fisherman.

This is the bait
the fisher-
men take,

the fishermen take, the fisher-
men take, when they start out the fish to
wake, so early in the morning. They take a nip be-
fore they go — a good one, ah ! and long and slow,
for fear the chills will lay them low, so early in
the morning. Another — when they're on the
street, which they repeat each time they meet
for "luck" — for that's the way to greet a
fisher in the morning. And when they are
on the river's brink again they drink with-
out a wink — to fight malaria they think
it proper in the morning. They tip a
flask with true delight when there's a
bite ; if fishing's light they "smile"
the more, till jolly tight all fishing
they are scorning. Another nip as
they depart ; one at the mart and
one to part ; but none when in
the house they dart expecting
there'll be mourning. This
is the bait the fishermen try,
who fishes buy at prices
high, and tell each one
a bigger lie of fishing
in the morning.

H. C. DODGE.

Mis' Smith.

ALL day she hurried to get through
The same as lots of wimmin do;
Sometimes at night her husban' said,
" Ma, ain't you goin' to come to bed?"
And then she'd kinder give a hitch,
And pause half-way between a stitch,
And sorter sigh, and say that she
Was ready as she'd ever be,
She reckoned.

And so the years went one by one,
An' somehow she was never done;
An' when the angel said, as how
" Mis' Smith, it's time you rested now,"
She sorter raised her eyes to look
A second, as a stitch she took;
" All right, I'm comin' now," says she,
" I'm ready as I'll ever be,
I reckon."

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINÉ.

Any One Will Do.

A MAIDEN once, of certain age,
To catch a husband did engage ;
But, having passed the prime of life
In striving to become a wife
Without success, she thought it time
To mend the follies of her prime.

Departing from the usual course
Of paint and such like for resource,
With all her might this ancient maid
Beneath an oak-tree knelt and prayed ;
Unconscious that a grave old owl
Was perched above — the mousing fowl !

“ Oh, give ! a husband give ! ” she cried,
“ While yet I may become a bride ;
Soon will my day of grace be o'er,
And then, like many maids before,
I'll die without an early love,
And none to meet me there above !

“ Oh, 'tis a fate too hard to bear !
Then answer this my humble prayer,
And oh, a husband give to me ! ”
Just then the owl from out the tree,
In deep base tones cried, “ Who — who —
 who ! ”
“ Who, Lord ? And dost Thou ask me who ?
Why, any one, good Lord, will do.”

ANONYMOUS.

A CURIOUS WANT.

¶ Curious Want.

“Wanted—A man who understands the five-cent restaurant business.”—New York Herald Advertisement.

WHAT aggregated wisdom must
That fellow be possessed of,
Who's fit to seize on such a trust
And stand the seasoning test of.

No title which the savant flaunts,
Nor yet degrees from college,
Can probe the five-cent restaurant's
Unpenetrated knowledge.

Think of the things a man must know
To hold this rare position !
How far the average shank should go
Before it fills its mission ;

How many plates a pound of beef
Will yield in five-cent slices ;
How much of cabbage, to a leaf,
Leaves profit at these prices ;

How pie-crust gains economy
If baked when dry or moister;
How many quarts of soup can be
Produced from one fair oyster.

And he must be, whate'er betides,
More lamblike than his mutton;
Appease the man whose fish-ball hides
A too obtrusive button.

Explain to those of doubting minds
About the butter's color,
And reconcile the chap who finds
A hairpin in his cruller.

Pray, what to him are life's small sums
On whom the truth thus flashes —
This sage who sees whence sausage comes,
Who really knows what hash is?

In short, the *Herald's* curious want
A mighty truth condenses:
To run a five-cent restaurant
Takes all of man's five senses!

MARC COOK
("Vandyke Brown").

Accepted and Will Appear.

ONE evening while reclining
In my easy-chair, repining
O'er the lack of true religion, and the dearth of com-
mon sense,
A solemn visaged lady,
Who was surely on the shady
Side of thirty, entered proudly, and to crush me did
commence :

"I sent a poem here, sir,"
Said the lady, growing fiercer,
"And the subject which I'd chosen, you remember,
sir, was 'Spring';"
But, although I've scanned your paper,
Sir, by sunlight, gas, and taper,
I've discovered of that poem not a solitary thing."

She was muscular and wiry,
And her temper sure was fiery,
And I knew to pacify her I would have to — fib like
fun.

So I told her ere her verses,
Which were great, had come to — bless us,
We'd received just sixty-one on "Spring," of which
we'd printed one.

And I added, "We've decided
That they'd better be divided
Among the years that follow — one to each succeeding
Spring.
So your work, I'm pleased to mention,
Will receive our best attention
In the year of nineteen-forty, when the birds begin to
sing."

PARMENAS MIX.

KNITTIN' AT TH' STOCKIN'.

Knittin' at th' Stockin'.

GOSH! But Phoebe did look sweet!
Scrumptious? I should say so.
Hed her ha'r all fixed in kinks
That I wished 'ud stay so.
Thumpin' on th' floor my hoofs
Went, ez I sot rockin';
She jis' made the yarn-ball hum—
Knittin' at th' stockin'.

Tork was never my bes' holt,
Ain't thet kind o' chicken.
'D ruther set 'n' lis' to Pheeb's
Needles clickin', clickin';
Watch her fingers an' her face,
Ez I went on rockin',
An' she never once looked up—
Knittin' at th' stockin'.

"Pheeb," at las' I sez, sez I,
With my heart a-thumpin'.
"Well, what is it, Ab?" sez she.
"Mayn't I tell you sumpin'?"

“ Lawsey ! What you got to say ?
 Better go on rockin' ;
Reckon I don't keer,” she said,
 Knittin' at th' stockin'.

“ Waal, I know a feller, Pheeb,
 What 'ud like to marry,
'N' he'd like to marry *you*,
 Sartain ez Ole Harry.”
Then my breath jis' los' its grip,
 Worse I went to rockin',
“ Is he han'sum — rich ? ” sez she,
 Knittin' at th' stockin'.

Gee ! But wasn't I sot back !
 Rich ? Good lookin' ! Sunday
I jis' put on style in clo'es
 Thet I worked in Monday !
“ Guess he's neether, Pheeb,” sez I,
 Ruther narvous rockin' ;
“ Dassent tell his name,” sez she,
 Knittin' at th' stockin'.

“ No — I dassent — 'tain't no use,
 Things looks blue 'n' yeller ;
Ther's no hope for me — I mean,
 Fur that uther feller.”

KNITTIN' AT TH' STOCKIN'.

"Ab, I knowed that you meant *you*,
Sure ez you'se a rockin'.
Ain't you fibbin' now?" sez she,
Knittin' at th' stockin'.

"Pheeb, you hit th' post first shot."
"Why," sez she, "thet's funny."
"Funny? Pheeb, now won't you be
Mine in matrimunny?"
"Yes," sed she, 'n' then I jumped,
Left th' cha'r a-rockin',
'N' I kissed her on th' lips,
Ez she toed thet stockin'.

AMERICUS WELLINGTON BELLAW.

Dot Baby off Mine.

MINE cracious! Mine cracious! shust look here
und see

A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe.
Dei beoples all dink dat no prains I haf got,
Vas grazy mit trinking, or someding like dot;
Id vasn't because I trinks lager und vine,
Id vas all on aggount of dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle yellow I dells you vas qveer;
Not mooch pigger round as a goot glass off beer,
Mit a bare-footed hed, and nose but a schpeck,
A mout dot goes most to der pack of his neck,
Und his leedle pink toes mid der rest all combine
To gife sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,
Und beats little Yawcob for making a noise;
He shust had pegun to shbeak goot English, too,
Says, " Mamma," und " Bapa," und sometimes, " ah-
goo!"

You don't find a baby den dimes oudt off nine
Dot vas qvite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

DOT BABY OFF MINE.

He grawls der vloor over, und drows dings aboudt,
Und puts efryding he can find in his mout;
He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls vrom his
 chair,
Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible shcare.
Mine hair stands like shquills on a mat borcupine
Ven I dinks of dose pranks off dot baby off mine.

Der vas someding, you pet, I don't likes pooty vell;
To hear in der nighdt-dimes dot young Deutscher
 yell,
Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es,
Vhile der chills down der shpine off mine pack
 quickly goes.
Dose leedle shimnasdic dricks vasn't so fine
Dot I cuts oop at nighdt mit dot baby off mine.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vos goin' to pe men,
Und all off dese droubles vill peen ofer den;
Dey vill vear a vhite shirt-vront inshted of a bib,
Und vouldn't got tucked oop at nighdt in deir crib.
Vell ! vell ! ven I'm feeples und in life's decline,
May mine oldt age pe cheered by dot baby off mine.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

To My Big Sweetheart.¹

MY love has long brown curls,
And blue forget-me-not eyes;
She's the beauty of all the girls —
But I wish I was twice my size;
Then I could kiss her cheek,
Or venture her lips to taste;
But now I only reach to the ribbon
She ties around her waist.

Chocolate-drop of my heart!
I dare not breathe thy name;
Like a peppermint stick I stand apart
In a sweet, but secret flame:
When you look down on me,
And the tassel atop of my cap,
I feel as if something had got in my throat,
And was choking against the strap.

I passed your garden and there,
On the clothes-line, hung a few
Pantalettes, and one tall pair
Reminded me, love, of you;

¹ "The Sparrowgrass Papers."

TO MY BIG SWEETHEART.

And I thought, as I swung on the gate
In the cold, by myself alone,
How soon the sweetness of hoarhound dies,
But the bitter keeps on and on.

FREDERICK SWARTOUT COZZENS.

Conjugal Conjugations.

DEAR maid, let me speak
What I never yet spoke:
You have made my heart squeak
As it never yet squeok,
And for sight of you both my eyes ache as they ne'er
before oak.

With your voice my ears ring,
And a sweeter ne'er rung,
Like a bird's on the wing
When at morn it has wung.
And gladness to me it doth bring, such as never
voice brung.

My feelings I'd write,
But they cannot be wrote,
And who can indite
What was never indote?
And my love I hasten to plight — the first that I
ploted.

Yes, you I would choose,
Whom I long ago chose,

CONJUGAL CONJUGATIONS.

And my fond spirit sues
As it never yet sose,
And ever on you do I muse, as never man mose.

The house where you bide
Is a blessed abode ;
Sure, my hopes I can't hide,
For they will not be hode,
And no person living has sighed, as, darling, I've
sode.

Your glances they shine
As no others have shone,
And all else I'd resign
That a man could resone,
And surely no other could pine as I lately have pone.

And don't you forget
You will ne'er be forgot,
You never should fret
As at times you have frot,
I would chase all the cares that beset, if they ever
besot.

For you I would weave
Songs that never were wove,

And deeds I'd achieve
Which no man achove,
And for me you never should grieve, as for you
have grove.

I'm as worthy a catch
As ever was caught.
O, your answer I watch
As a man never waught,
And we'd make the most elegant match as ever was
maught.

Let my longings not sink ;
I would die if they sunk.
O, I ask you to think
As you never have thunk,
And our fortunes and lives let us link, as no lives
could be lunk.

AMERICUS WELLINGTON BELLAW.

THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN OLD MAN.

The Ballad of the Green Old Man.

IT was a balmeous day in May, when spring was
springing high
And all amid the buttercups the bees did butter-
fly;
While the butterflies were being enraptured in the
flowers,
And winsome frogs were singing soft morals to the
showers.

Green were the emerald grasses which grew upon
the plain,
And green too were the verdant boughs which
rippled in the rain,
Far green likewise the apple hue which clad the dis-
tant hill,
But at the station sat a man who looked far greener
still.

An ancient man, a boy-like man, a person mild and
meek,
A being who had little tongue, and nary bit of
cheek.

And while upon him pleasant-like I saw the ladies
look,
He sat a-counting money in a brownsome pocket-
book.

Then to him a policeman spoke: "Unless you feel
too proud,
You'd better stow away that cash while you're in
this here crowd;
There's many a chap about this spot who'd clean you
out like ten."
"And can it be," exclaimed the man, "there are
such wicked men?

"Then I will put my greenbacks up all in my pocket-
book,
And keep it buttoned very tight, and at the button
look."
He said it with a simple tone, and gave a simple
smile—
You never saw a half-grown shad one-half so void of
guile.

And the bumble-bees kept bumbling away among the
flowers,
While distant frogs were frogging amid the summer
showers,

THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN OLD MAN.

And the tree-toads were tree-toadying in accents
sharp or flat—

All nature seemed a-naturing as there the old man
sat.

Then up and down the platform promiscuous he
strayed,

Amid the waiting passengers he took his lemonade,
A-making little kind remarks unto them all at sight,
Until he met two travellers who looked cosmopolite.

Now even as the old was green, this pair were
darkly-brown;

They seemed to be of that degree which sports about
the town,

Amid terrestrial mice, I ween, their destiny was
Cat;

If ever men were gonoffs,¹ I should say these two
were that.

And they had watched that old man well with inter-
ested look,

And gazed him counting greenbacks in that brown-
some pocket-book;

¹ Gonoffs, a Scriptural term for a Member of the Legislature, or
suchlike.

And the elder softly warbled with benevolential
phiz,
“ Green peas has come to market, and the veg’tables
is riz.”

Yet still across the heavenly sky the clouds went
clouding on,
The rush upon the gliding brook kept rushing all
alone,
While the ducks upon the water were a-ducking just
the same,
And every mortal human man kept on his little game.

And the old man to the strangers very affable let
slip
How that zealousy policeman had given him the
tip,
And how his cash was buttoned in his pocket dark
and dim,
And how he guessed no man alive on earth could
gammon him.

In ardent conversation ere long the three were
steeped,
And in that good man’s confidence the younger party
deeped.

THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN OLD MAN.

The p'liceman, as he shadowed them, exclaimed in
blooming rage,
“They’re stuffin’ of that duck, I guess, and leavin’
out the sage.”

He saw the game distinctly, and inspected how it
took,
And watched the reappearance of that brownsome
pocket-book,
And how that futile ancient, ere he buttoned up his
coat,
Had interchanged, obliging-like, a greensome col-
oured note.

And how they parted tenderly, and how the happy
twain
Went out into the Infinite by taking of the train;
Then up the blue policeman came, and said, “My
ancient son,
Now you have gone and did it; say what have you
been and done?”

And unto him the good old man replied with child-
ish glee,
“They were as nice a two young men as I did ever
see;

But they were in such misery their story made me
cry;
So I lent 'em twenty dollars — which they'll pay me
by and bye.

“ But as I had no twenty, we also did arrange,
They got from me a fifty bill, and gimme thirty
change;
But they will send that fifty back, and by to-morrow's
train — ”
“ That note,” out cried the constable, “ you'll never
see again.”

“ And that,” exclaimed the sweet old man, “ I hope I
never may,
Because I do not care a cuss how far it keeps
away;
For if I'm a judge of money, and I *reether* think I
am,
The one I shoved was never worth a continental
dam.

“ They hev wandered with their sorriers into the
sunny South,
They hev got uncommon swallows and an extra lot
of mouth.

THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN OLD MAN.

In the next train to the North'ard I expect to widely
roam,
And if any come inquirin', jist say I ain't at home."

The p'liceman lifted up his glance unto the sunny
skies,
I s'pose the light was fervent, for a tear were in his
eyes,
And said, "If in your travels a hat store you should
see,
Just buy yourself a beaver tile and charge that tile to
me."

While the robins were a-robbing across the meadow
gay,
And the pigeons still a-pigeoning among the gleam
of May,
All out of doors kept out of doors as suchlike only
can,
A-singing of an endless hymn about that good old
man.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

The Stuttering Lass.

WHEN deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,
I vowed, if the maiden would only be mine,
 I would always endeavor to please her.
She blushed her consent, though the stuttering
 lass
Said never a word except " You're an ass —
 An ass — an ass-iduous teaser ! "

But when we were married, I found to my ruth,
The stammering lady had spoken the truth ;
 For often, in obvious dudgeon,
She'd say if I ventured to give her a jog
In the way of reproof — " You're a dog — you're a
 dog —
A dog — a dog-matic curmudgeon ! "

And once when I said, " We can hardly afford
This extravagant style, with our moderate hoard,"
 And hinted we ought to be wiser,
She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,
And fretfully cried, " You're a Jew — you're a Jew —
 A very ju-dicious adviser ! "

THE STUTTERING LASS.

Again, when it happened that, wishing to shirk
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,
I begged her to go to a neighbor,
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
And saucily said, " You're a cus — cus — cus —
You were always ac-cus-tomed to labor ! "

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,
And feeling that madame was greatly to blame
To scold me instead of caressing,
I mimicked her speech — like a churl that I am —
And angrily said, " You're a dam — dam — dam —
A dam-age instead of a blessing ! "

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

Too Great a Sacrifice.

THE maid, as by the papers doth appear,
Whom fifty thousand dollars made so dear,
To test Lothario's passion, simply said :
“ Forego the weed before we go to wed.
For smoke take flame; I'll be that flame's bright
fanner:
To have your Anna, give up your Havana.”
But he, when thus she brought him to the scratch,
Lit his cigar, and threw away his match.

ANONYMOUS.

THE BALLAD OF HIRAM HOVER.

The Ballad of Hiram Hover.¹

AFTER J—— G—— W——.

WHERE the Moosatockmaguntic
Pours its waters in the Skuntic,
Met, along the forest-side,
Hiram Hover, Huldah Hyde.

She, a maiden fair and dapper,
He, a red-haired, stalwart trapper,
Hunting beaver, mink, and skunk,
In the woodlands of Squeedunk.

She, Pentucket's pensive daughter,
Walked beside the Skuntic water,
Gathering, in her apron wet,
Snakeroot, mint, and bouncing-bet.

“Why,” he murmured, loath to leave her,
“Gather yarbs for chills and fever,
When a lovyer, bold and true,
Only waits to gather you?”

¹ “The Echo Club.”

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

“Go,” she answered, “I’m not hasty;
I prefer a man more tasty:
Leastways, one to please me well
Should not have a beastly smell.”

“Haughty Huldah!” Hiram answered;
“Mind and heart alike are cancered:
Jest look here! these peltries give
Cash, wherefrom a pair may live.

“I, you think, am but a vagrant,
Trapping beasts by no means fragrant;
Yet—I’m sure it’s worth a thank—
I’ve a handsome sum in bank.”

Turned and vanished Hiram Hover;
And before the year was over,
Huldah, with the yarbs she sold,
Bought a cape, against the cold.

Black and thick the furry cape was;
Of a stylish cut the shape was;
And the girls in all the town,
Envied Huldah up and down.

Then, at last, one winter morning,
Hiram came, without a warning:

N. Y. Star.



BAYARD TAYLOR

THE BALLAD OF HIRAM HOVER.

“Either,” said he, “you are blind,
Huldah, or you’ve changed your mind.

“Me you snub for trapping varmints,
Yet you take the skins for garments:
Since you wear the skunk and mink,
There’s no harm in me, I think.”

“Well,” said she, “we will not quarrel
Hiram: I accept the moral.

Now the fashion’s so, I guess,
I can’t hardly do no less.”

Thus the trouble all was over
Of the love of Hiram Hover;
Thus he made sweet Huldah Hyde
Huldah Hover, as his bride.

Love employs, with equal favor,
Things of good and evil savor;
That, which first appeared to part,
Warmed, at last, the maiden’s heart.

Under one impartial banner,
Life, the hunter, Love, the tanner,
Draw, from every beast they snare,
Comfort for a wedded pair!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

The Hasty Pudding.¹

(Published 1796.)

CANTO I.

YE Alps audacious, through the heavens that
rise
To cramp the day and hide me from the skies ;
Ye Gallic flags, that o'er their heights unfurl'd,
Bear death to kings and freedom to the world,
I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,
A virgin theme, unconscious of the muse,
But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.

Despise it not, ye bards to terror steel'd,
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field ;
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing
Joys that the vineyard and the stillhouse bring ;
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense, and my evening meal,
The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl,

¹ Somewhat abridged.

THE HASTY PUDDING.

Glide o'er my palate and inspire my soul.
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.

Oh ! could the smooth, the emblematic song,
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
And, as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,
No more thy awkward, unpoetic name
Should shun the muse, or prejudice thy fame ;
But, rising grateful to the accustom'd ear,
All bards should catch it, and all realms revere.

Assist me first with pious toil to trace,
Through wrecks of time, thy lineage and thy race ;
Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore,
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore,)
First gave thee to the world ; her works of fame
Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
First learn'd with stones to crack the well-dried
maize,
Through the rough sieve to shake the golden shower,
In boiling water stir the yellow flour ;
The yellow flour, bestrew'd and stirr'd with haste,
Swells in the flood, and thickens to a paste,
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,

Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim ;
 The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
 And the whole mass its true consistence takes.

CANTO II.

To mix the food by vicious rules of art,
 To kill the stomach and to sink the heart,
 To make mankind to social virtue sour,
 Cram o'er each dish, and be what they devour ;
 For this the kitchen muse first framed her book,
 Commanding sweat to stream from every cook ;
 Children no more their antic gambols tried,
 And friends to physic wonder'd why they died.

Not so the Yankee ; his abundant feast
 With simples furnish'd, and with plainness dress'd,
 A numerous offspring gathers round the board,
 And cheers alike the servant and the lord,
 Whose well-bought hunger prompts the joyous
 taste,
 And health attends them from the short repast.
 While the full pail rewards the milkmaid's toil,
 The mother sees the morning caldron boil :
 To stir the pudding next demands their care,
 To spread the table, and the bowls prepare ;
 To feed the children as their portions cool,
 And comb their heads and send them off to school.

• • • • • • • •

THE HASTY PUDDING.

Some with molasses line the luscious treat,
And mix, like bards, the useful with the sweet.
A wholesome dish and well deserving praise,
A great resource in those bleak, wintry days
When the chill'd earth lies buried deep in snow,
And raging Boreas drives the shivering cow.

Bless'd cow ! thy praise shall still my notes employ,
Great source of health, the only source of joy ;
How oft thy teats these precious hands have
press'd !

How oft thy bounties proved my only feast !
How oft I've fed thee with my favorite grain !
And roar'd, like thee, to find thy children slain !

Ye swains, who know her various worth to prize,
Ah ! house her well from winter's angry skies.
Potatoes, pumpkins, should her sadness cheer,
Corn from your crib, and mashes from your beer ;
When spring returns she'll well acquit the loan,
And nurse at once your infants and her own.

Milk then with pudding I would always choose ;
To this in future I confine my muse,
Till she in haste some further hints unfold,
Well for the young, nor useless to the old.
First in your bowl the milk abundant take,
Then drop with care along the silver lake
Your flakes of pudding ; these at first will hide

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide;
But when their growing mass no more can sink,
When the soft island looms above the brink,
Then check your hand; you've got the portion
due;
So taught our sires, and what they taught is true.

JOEL BARLOW.

The American Traveller.

TO Lake Aghmoogenegamook
All in the State of Maine,
A man from Wittequergaugum came
One evening in the rain.

“ I am a traveller,” said he,
“ Just started on a tour,
And go to Nomjamskillicook
To-morrow morn at four.”

He took a tavern-bed that night,
And, with the morrow’s sun,
By way of Sekledobskus went,
With carpet-bag and gun.

A week passed on, and next we find
Our native tourist come
To that sequestered village called
Genasagarnagum.

From thence he went to Absequoit,
And there — quite tired of Maine —

He sought the mountains of Vermont,
Upon a railroad train.

Dog Hollow, in the Green Mount State,
Was his first stopping-place ;
And then Skunk's Misery displayed
Its sweetness and its grace,

By easy stages then he went
To visit Devil's Den ;
And Scrabble Hollow, by the way,
Did come within his ken.

Then *via* Nine Holes and Goose Green
He travelled through the State ;
And to Virginia, finally,
Was guided by his fate.

Within the Old Dominion's bounds,
He wandered up and down ;
To-day, at Buzzard Roost ensconced,
To-morrow, at Hell Town.

At Pole Cat, too, he spent a week,
Till friends from Bull Ring came,
And made him spend a day with them
In hunting forest-game.

THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

Then, with his carpet-bag in hand,
To Dog Town next he went ;
Though stopping at Free Negro Town,
Where half a day he spent.

From thence, into Negationburg
His route of travel lay ;
Which having gained, he left the State,
And took a southward way.

North Carolina's friendly soil
He trod at fall of night,
And, on a bed of softest down,
He slept at Hell's Delight.

Morn found him on the road again,
To Lousy Level bound ;
At Bull's Tail, and Lick Lizard, too,
Good provender he found.

The country all about Pinch Gut
So beautiful did seem
That the beholder thought it like
A picture in a dream.

But the plantations near Burnt Coat
Were even finer still,

And made the wondering tourist feel
A soft, delicious thrill.

At Tear Shirt, too, the scenery
Most charming did appear,
With Snatch It in the distance far,
And Purgatory near.

But, spite of all these pleasant scenes,
The tourist stoutly swore
That home is brightest, after all,
And travel is a bore.

So back he went to Maine, straightway ;
A little wife he took ;
And now is making Nutmegs at
Moosehicmagunticook.

ROBERT HENRY NEWELL.

The Masher.

IT was in the Indian summer-time, when life is
tender brown,
And people in the country talk of going into town,
When the nights are crisp and cooling, though the
sun is warm by day,
In the home-like town of Glasgow, in the State of
Iowa;

It was in the railroad deeps of that greatly favored
zone,
That a young man met a stranger, who was still not
all unknown,
For they had run-countered casual in riding in the
car,
And the latter to the previous had offered a cigar.

Now as the primal gentleman was nominated Gale,
It follows that the secondary man was Mr. Dale;
This is called poetic justice when arrangements fit
in time,
And Fate allows the titles to accommodate in
rhyme.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

And a lovely sense of autumn seemed to warble in
the air ;
Boys with baskets selling peaches were vibratin'
everywhere,
While in the mellow distance folks were gettin' in
their corn,
And the biggest yellow punkins ever seen since you
were born.

Now a gradual sensation emotioned this our Gale,
That he'd seldom seen so fine a man for cheek as
Mr. Dale :

Yet simultaneous he felt that he was all the while
The biggest dude and cock-a-hoop within a hundred
mile.

For the usual expression of his quite enormous eyes
Was that of two ripe gooseberries who've been
decreed a prize ;
Like a goose apart from berries, too — though not
removed from sauce —
He conversed on lovely Woman as if he were all her
boss.

Till, in fact, he stated plainly that, between his face
and cash,
There was not a lady living whom he was not sure to
mash ;

THE MASHER.

The wealthiest, the loveliest, of families sublime,
At just a single look from him must all give in in
time.

Now when our Dale had got along so far upon the
strain,

They saw a Dream of Loveliness descending from
the train,

A proud and queenly beauty of a transcendental face,
With gloves unto her shoulders, and the most expen-
sive lace.

All Baltimore and New Orleans seemed centred into
one,

As if their stars of beauty had been fused into a
sun;

But, oh ! her frosty dignity expressed a kind of glow
Like sunshine when thermometers show thirty grades
below.

But it flashed a gleam of shrewdness into the head of
Gale,

And with aggravatin' humor he exclaimed to Mr.
Dale,

"Since every girl's a cricket-ball and you're the only
bat,

If you want to show you're champion, go in and
mash on that.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

"I will bet a thousand dollars, and plank them on
the rub,
That if you try it thither, you will catch a lofty snub.
I don't mean but what a lady may reply to what you
say,
But I bet you cannot win her into wedding in a day."

A singular emotion enveloped Mr. Dale ;
One would say he seemed confused, for his counte-
nance was pale :
At first there came an angry look, and when that
look did get,
He larft a wild and hollow larf, and said, "I take
the bet.

"The brave deserve the lovely — every woman may
be won ;
What men have fixed before us may by other men
be done.
You will lose your thousand dollars. For the first
time in my life
I have gazed upon a woman whom I wish to make
my wife."

Like a terrier at a rabbit, with his hat upon his eyes
Mr. Dale, the awful masher, went head-long at
the prize,

THE MASHER.

Looking rather like a party simply bent to break the peace.

Mr. Gale, with smiles, expected just a yell for the police.

Oh! what are women made of? Oh! what can women be?

From Eves to Jersey Lilies what bewildering sights we see!

One listened on the instant to all the Serpent said;
The other paid attention right away to Floral Ned.

With a blow as with a hammer the intruder broke
the ice,

And the proud and queenly beauty seemed to think
it awful nice.

Mr. Gale, as he beheld it, with a trembling heart
began

To realize he really was a most astonished man.

Shall I tell you how he wooed her? Shall I tell you
how he won?

How they had a hasty wedding ere the evening was
done?

For when all things were considered, the fond couple
thought it best —

Such things are not uncommon in the wild and rapid
West.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Dale obtained the thousand dollars, and then vanished with the dream.

Gale stayed in town with sorrow, like a spoon behind the cream;

Till one morning in the paper he read, though not in rhymes,

How a certain blooming couple had been married fifty times!

How they wandered o'er the country; how the bridegroom used to bet

He would wed the girl that evening,—how he always pulled the debt;

How his eyes were large and greensome; how, in fact, to end the tale,

Their very latest victim was a fine young man named Gale.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

CONSTANCY.

Constancy.

“ YOU gave me the key of your heart, my
love;
Then why do you make me knock? ”
“ Oh, that was yesterday, Saints above!
And last night — I changed the lock! ”

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

The Refort.

OLD NICK, who taught the village school,
Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
He was as stubborn as a mule,
She was as playful as a rabbit.

Poor Jane had scarce become a wife,
Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country-polished life,
And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
And simple Jenny sadly missed him ;
When he returned, behind her lord
She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him !

The husband's anger rose ! — and red
And white his face alternate grew !
“ Less freedom, ma'am ! ” Jane sighed and said,
“ *Oh, dear ! I didn't know 'twas you !* ”

GEORGE POPE MORRIS.

EPIGRAM.

Epigram.¹

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO ASKED FOR HIS NAME IN
HER ALBUM.

YOU ask for my name! ah, dear madam, you
palter
With the hopes I have felt, as you well understand.
If you wish for my name, it is yours at the altar:
I'll give you my name when you give me your
hand.

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE.

¹ From "Lyrics by the Letter H," 1854.

Why Sammy Left the Farm.

Century Magazine.

NOPE, I reckon 'tain't no problem why our Sammy went away:
Farmin' ain't no great inducement fer a' active boy to stay;
There's a pack o' pesky troubles scattered all along the road,
And a feller gets roun'-shouldered sorter pickin' up the load.

Poets sing the "independence of a farmer's life," of course;
But the bulk o' them there poets never drove a balky horse,
Never tried to cure his habit with some new-discovered rule,
Ner to break the brute from kickin', ner to trade him fer a mule.

I'd jest like to see a poet come a-strayin' up this road
Some day when ol' Bill is balkin' an' we're pitchin' off the load;

WHY SAMMY LEFT THE FARM.

He might make me up some meters thet 'u'd start the
cuss ; an' then

He c'u'd try his hand at stanzies thet 'u'd break a
settin' hen, —

Somethin' better than a banner of red flannel to her
tail, —

Er an ode to stop her scratchin' when ol' stockin'-feet
'u'd fail.

He might borry inspiration fer a' epic, an' indite
Somethin' better than a hoss-trough to break up a
rooster fight.

He c'u'd write a master sonnet that 'u'd keep the
tramps away ;

He might cure the cow of jumpin' with some never-
failin' lay,

Er her tarnal tail from switchin' when it comes to
milkin'-time ;

Er discourage hawks and varmints with some new
an' fatal rhyme.

I would set him to composin' in the " pearly dews of
morn "

Somethin' better than a scarecrow to perfect the
early corn,

Er a goose-yoke fer the medders, er than rings fer
rootin' hogs,
Somethin' hotter than red pepper ez a cure fer suck-
aig dogs.

Mebbe he c'u'd stop a freshet with his stanzies, an'
again,
In the scorchin' drouth of August he might fetch a
soakin' rain ;
An' we'd welcome that there poet with a most re-
joicin' shout
If he'd make us up some po'try that 'u'd knock the
chinch-bugs out.

Nope, it ain't no special problem why our Sammy
went away :
Boys thet's seen the things I've spoke of ain't
a-hankerin' to stay ;
An' we're not a-blamin' Sammy, after all is said an'
done,
Fer he got chock-full o' po'try 'fore he got to twenty-
one.

Ner fer takin' it to market to dispose of it, you
see ;
An' he's printin' it in papers, which he's sendin' home
to me ;

WHY SAMMY LEFT THE FARM.

An' when mother sets and reads 'em out, I tell her,
with a laugh,

That I wish he'd write a poem thet 'u'd break our
suckin' calf.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINÉ.

Let Us Alone.

A REMINISCENCE OF "THE LATE UNPLEASANTNESS."

AS vonce I walked by a dismal swamp,
There set an Old Cove in the dark and damp,
And at everybody as passed that road
A stick or a stone this Old Cove throwed ;
And venever he flung his stick or his stone,
He'd set up a song of " Let me alone."

" Let me alone, for I loves to shy
These bits of things at the passers-by ;
Let me alone, for I've got your tin,
And lots of other traps snugly in ;
Let me alone, — I am rigging a boat
To grab votever you've got afloat ;
In a week or so I expects to come
And turn you out of your 'ouse and 'ome ;
I'm a quiet Old Cove," says he, with a groan ;
" All I axes is, Let me alone."

Just then came along, on the self-same vay,
Another Old Cove, and began for to say, —

LET US ALONE.

“ Let you alone ! That’s comin’ it strong !
You’ve *ben* let alone — a darned site too long !
Of all the sarce that ever I heerd !
Put down that stick ! (You may well look
skeered.)
Let go that stone ! If you once show fight,
I’ll knock you higher than any kite.
You must have a lesson to stop your tricks,
And cure you of shying them stones and sticks ;
And I’ll have my hardware back, and my cash,
And knock your scow into ternal smash ;
And if ever I catches you round my ranch,
I’ll string you up to the nearest branch.
The best you can do is to go to bed,
And keep a decent tongue in your head ;
For I reckon, before you and I are done,
You’ll wish you had let honest folks alone.”

The Old Cove stopped, and t’other Old Cove,
He sot quite still in his cypress grove,
And he looked at his stick, revolvin’ slow,
Vether ’twere safe to shy it, or no ;
And he grumbled on, in an injured tone,
“ All that I axed vos, *Let me alone.*”

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

Widow Bedott to Elder Sniffles.¹

O REVEREND sir, I do declare
It drives me most to frenzy,
To think of you a-lying there
Down sick with influenzy.

A body 'd thought it was enough
To mourn your wife's departer,
Without sich trouble as this ere
To come a-follerin' arter.

But sickness and affliction
Are sent by a wise creation,
And always ought to be underwent
By patience and resignation.

O, I could to your bedside fly,
And wipe your weeping eyes,
And do my best to cure you up,
If 'twouldn't create surprise.

It's a world of trouble we tarry in,
But, Elder, don't despair ;

¹ From "The Widow Bedott Papers."

WIDOW BEDOTT TO ELDER SNIFFLES.

That you may soon be movin' again
Is constantly my prayer.

Both sick and well, you may depend
You'll never be forgot
By your faithful and affectionate friend,
Priscilla Pool Bedott.

FRANCES MIRIAM WHITCHER.

The Fly.

A RHYME FOR CHILDREN.

BABY Bye,
Here's a fly:

Let us watch him, you and I.

How he crawls

Up the walls —

Yet he never falls !

I believe, with those six legs,

You and I could walk on eggs !

There he goes,

On his toes,

Tickling Baby's nose !

Spots of red

Dot his head :

Rainbows on his wings are spread !

That small speck

Is his neck ;

See him nod and beck !

I can show you, if you choose,

Where to look to find his shoes :

THE FLY.

Three small pairs
Made of hairs —
These he always wears.

Black and brown
Is his gown;
He can wear it upside down!

It is laced
Round his waist;
I admire his taste.

Pretty as his clothes are made,
He will spoil them, I'm afraid,
If to-night
He gets sight
Of the candle-light !

In the sun
Webs are spun:
What if he gets into one !

When it rains
He complains
On the window-panes.

Tongues to talk have you and I:
God has given the little Fly
No such things;
So he sings
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat
Bread and meat;
See his mouth between his feet!
On his back
Hangs a sack,
Like a peddler's pack.
Does the Baby understand?
Then the Fly shall kiss her hand!
Put a crumb
On her thumb:
Maybe he will come!

Round and round,
On the ground,
On the ceiling he is found.
Catch him? No:
Let him go:
Never hurt him so!
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the Baby's milk!
Fie, oh, fie!
Foolish Fly!
How will he get dry?

All wet flies
Twist their thighs,
So they wipe their heads and eyes.

THE FLY.

Cats, you know,
Wash just so:
Then their whiskers grow.
Flies have hair too short to comb!
Flies go barehead out from home!
But the Gnat
Wears a hat:
Do you laugh at that?

Flies can see
More than we —
So how bright their eyes must be!
Little Fly,
Mind your eye —
Spiders are near by!
Now a secret let me tell:
Spiders will not treat you well!
So I say
Heed your way!
Little Fly, good day!

THEODORE TILTON.

June 21st.

Century Magazine.

S AID he: "Did you recollect, my dear,
That this is the longest day in the year,
And so happy a one, that I'll never regret it?"
"I did know," said she, "but you made me forget it!"

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

Reflections on Cleopathera's Needle.

SO that's Cleopathera's Needle, bedad,
An' a quare lookin' needle it is, I'll be bound;
What a powerful muscle the queen must have had
That could grasp such a weapon an' wind it
around!

Imagine her sittin' there stitchin' like mad
Wid a needle like that in her hand! I declare
It's as big as the Round Tower of Slane, an', bedad,
It would pass for a round tower, only it's square!

The taste of her, ordherin' a needle of granite!
Begorra, the sight of it strikes me quite dumb!
An' look at the quare sort of figures upon it;
I wondher can these be the thracks of her thumb!

I once was astonished to hear of the faste
Cleopathera made upon pearls; but now
I declare, I would not be surprised in the laste
If ye told me the woman had swallowed a cow!

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

It's aisy to see why bould Cæsar should quail
In her presence an' meekly submit to her rule;
Wid a weapon like that in her fist I'll go bail
She could frighten the sowl out of big Finn
MacCool!

But, Lord, what poor pygmies the women are now,
Compared with the monstheres they must have been
then!
Whin the darlin's in those days would kick up a row,
Holy smoke, but it must have been hot for the
men!

Just think how a chap that goes courtin' would start
If his girl was to prod him wid that in the shins!
I have often seen needles, but bouldly assart
That the needle in front of me there takes the
pins!

O, sweet Cleopathera! I'm sorry you're dead;
An' whin lavin' this wondherful needle behind
Had ye thought of bequathin' a spool of your thread
An' yer thimble an' scissors, it would have been
kind.

REFLECTIONS ON CLEOPATHERA'S NEEDLE.

But pace to your ashes, ye plague of great men,
Yer strenth is departed, yer glory is past;
Ye'll never wield sceptre or needle again,
An' a poor little asp did yer bizzness at last!

CORMAC O'LEARY.

Two Fishers.

ONE morning when Spring was in her teens—
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough and easy clothes,
With my face at the sun-tan's mercy;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped — *vice versa*.

I with my rod, my reel, and my hooks,
And a hamper for lunching recesses;
She with the bait of her comely looks,
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat us down on the sunny dike,
Where the white pond-lilies teeter,
And I went to fishing like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited,

TWO FISHERS.

But the fish were cunning and would not rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time of departure came,
My bag hung flat as a flounder;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—
A hundred-and-fifty-pounder.

ANONYMOUS.

My Familiar.

A GAIN I hear that creaking step—
He's rapping at the door!—
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes — but never goes !

He drops into my easy chair,
And asks about the news ;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views ;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve ;
He takes the strangest liberties,—
But never takes his leave !

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word ;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote)
And thinks it quite absurd ;

MY FAMILIAR.

He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees—
Except the entry door!

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of his pains;
He suffers from a score of ills
Of which he ne'er complains;
And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like those away he goes—
But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping words
Some shallow critic wrote;
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote;
He thinks the writer did me wrong;
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things—
But never says "Adieu!"

Whene'er he comes — that dreadful man —
Disguise it as I may,
I know that, like an Autumn rain,
He'll last throughout the day.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

In vain I speak of urgent tasks;
In vain I scowl and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher,—
It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off,
Put crape upon the door,
Or hint to John that I am gone
To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

Similar Cases.

THERE was once a little animal,
 No bigger than a fox,
And on five toes he scampered
 Over Tertiary rocks.
They called him Eohippus,
 And they called him very small,
And they thought him of no value —
 When they thought of him at all ;
For the lumpish old Dinoceras
 And Coryphodon so slow
Were the heavy aristocracy
 In days of long ago.

Said the little Eohippus,
 “ I am going to be a horse !
And on my middle finger-nails
 To run my earthly course !
I’m going to have a flowing tail !
 I’m going to have a mane !
I’m going to stand fourteen hands high
 On the psychozoic plain ! ”

The Coryphodon was horrified,
 The Dinoceras was shocked ;
 And they chased young Eohippus,
 But he skipped away and mocked.
 Then they laughed enormous laughter,
 And they groaned enormous groans,
 And they bade young Eohippus
 Go view his father's bones.
 Said they, " You always were as small
 And mean as now we see,
 And that's conclusive evidence
 That you're always going to be.
 What ! Be a great, tall, handsome beast,
 With hoofs to gallop on ?
Why ! You'd have to change your nature !"
 Said the Loxolophodon.
 They considered him disposed of,
 And retired with gait serene ;
 That was the way they argued
 In " the early Eocene."

There was once an Anthropoidal Ape,
 Far smarter than the rest,
 And everything that they could do
 He always did the best ;
 So they naturally disliked him,
 And they gave him shoulders cool,

SIMILAR CASES.

And when they had to mention him
They said he was a fool.

Cried this pretentious Ape one day,
“ I’m going to be a Man !
And stand upright, and hunt, and fight,
And conquer all I can !
I’m going to cut down forest trees,
To make my houses higher !
I’m going to kill the Mastodon !
I’m going to make a fire ! ”

Loud screamed the Anthropoidal Apes
With laughter wild and gay ;
They tried to catch that boastful one,
But he always got away.
So they yelled at him in chorus,
Which he minded not a whit ;
And they pelted him with cocoanuts,
Which didn’t seem to hit.
And then they gave him reasons
Which they thought of much avail,
To prove how his preposterous
Attempt was sure to fail.
Said the sages, “ In the first place,
The thing cannot be done !
And, second, if it *could* be,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

It would not be any fun !
And, third, and most conclusive,
 And admitting no reply,
You would have to change your nature !
 We should like to see you try !”
They chuckled then triumphantly,
 These lean and hairy shapes,
For these things passed as arguments
 With the Anthropoidal Apes.

There was once a Neolithic Man,
 An enterprising wight,
Who made his chopping implements
 Unusually bright.
Unusually clever he,
 Unusually brave,
And he drew delightful Mammoths
 On the borders of his cave.
To his Neolithic neighbors,
 Who were startled and surprised,
Said he, “ My friends, in course of time,
 We shall be civilized !
We are going to live in cities !
 We are going to fight in wars !
We are going to eat three times a day
 Without the natural cause !
We are going to turn life upside down

SIMILAR CASES.

About a thing called gold !
We are going to want the earth, and take
As much as we can hold !
We are going to wear great piles of stuff
Outside our proper skins !
We are going to have Diseases !
And Accomplishments !! And Sins !!!

Then they all rose up in fury
Against their boastful friend,
For prehistoric patience
Cometh quickly to an end.
Said one, " This is chimerical !
Utopian ! Absurd ! "
Said another, " What a stupid life !
Too dull, upon my word ! "
Cried all, " Before such things can come,
You idiotic child,
You must alter Human Nature !"
And they all sat back and smiled.
Thought they, " An answer to that last
It will be hard to find ! "
It was a clinching argument
To the Neolithic Mind !

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

To the Pliocene SkulL

A GEOLOGICAL ADDRESS.

“SPEAK, O man, less recent! Fragmentary fossil!

Primal pioneer of pliocene formation,
Hid in lowest drifts below the earliest stratum
Of volcanic tufa!

“Older than the beasts, the oldest Palæotherium;
Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogami;
Older than the hills, those infantile eruptions
Of earth’s epidermis!

“Eo — Mio — Plio — whatsoe’er the ‘cene’ was
That those vacant sockets filled with awe and
wonder,—
Whether shores Devonian or Silurian beaches,—
Tell us thy strange story!

“Or has the professor slightly antedated
By some thousand years thy advent on this planet,
Giving thee an air that’s somewhat better fitted
For cold-blooded creatures?

W. T. Stan

Writing Life



FRANCIS BRET HARTE

TO THE PLIOCENE SKULL.

“Wert thou true spectator of that mighty forest
When above thy head the stately Sigillaria
Reared its columned trunks in that remote and
distant

Carboniferous epoch?

“Tell us of that scene,— the dim and watery wood-
land

Songless, silent, hushed, with never bird or insect
Veiled with spreading fronds and screened with tall
club-mosses,

Lycopodiacea,—

“When beside thee walked the solemn Plesiosaurus,
And around thee crept the festive Ichthyosaurus,
While from time to time above thee flew and circled
Cheerful Pterodactyls.

“Tell us of thy food,— these half-marine reflections,
Crinoids on the shell and Brachipods *au naturel*,—
Cuttle-fish to which the *pieuuvre* of Victor Hugo
Seems a periwinkle.

“Speak, thou awful vestige of the Earth’s creation,—
Solitary fragment of remains organic!
Tell the wondrous secret of thy past existence,—
Speak! thou oldest primate!”

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla,
And a lateral movement of the condyloid process,
With post-pliocene sounds of healthy mastication,
 Ground the teeth together.

And, from that imperfect dental exhibition,
Stained with expressed juices of the weed Nicotian,
Came these hollow accents, blent with softer mur-
 murs

Of expectoration :

“ Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was
 busted
Falling down a shaft in Calaveras County,
But I’d take it kindly if you’d send the pieces
 Home to old Missouri ! ”

BRET HARTE.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

What Mr. Robinson Thinks.

GUVENER B. is a sensible man ;

He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks ;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,

An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes ;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez he wun't vote fer Guvener B.

My ! ain't it terrible ? Wut shall we du ?

We can't never choose him o' course, — thet's flat ;
Guess we shall hev to come round (don't you?)

An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that ;

Fer John P.

Robinson he

Sez he wun't vote fer Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man :

He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf ;

But consistency still wuz a part of his plan, —

He's ben true to *one* party, — an' thet is him-self ; —

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

Gineral C. he goes in fer the war;
He don't vally principle more'n an old cud;
Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?

So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut ain't,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;

But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' President Polk, you know, *he* is our country.
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book
Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contriy*;

An' John P.
Robinson he
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies ;
Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum* :
An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ign'ance, an' t'other half rum ;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez it ain't no sech thing ; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail
coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, and some on 'em votes ;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I
vow, —
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
To start the world's team wen it gits in a slough ;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The Modern Belle.

She sits in a fashionable parlor,
And rocks in her easy chair;
She is clad in silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair;
She winks and giggles and simpers,
And simpers and giggles and winks;
And though she talks but little,
'Tis a good deal more than she thinks.

She lies abed in the morning
Till nearly the hour of noon,
Then comes down snapping and snarling
Because she was called so soon;
Her hair is still in papers,
Her cheeks still fresh with paint,—
Remains of her last night's blushes,
Before she intended to faint.

She dotes upon men unshaven,
And men with "flowing hair;"
She's eloquent over mustaches,
They give such a foreign air.

THE MODERN BELLE.

She talks of Italian music,
And falls in love with the moon;
And, if a mouse were to meet her,
She would sink away in a swoon.

Her feet are so very little,
Her hands are so very white,
Her jewels so very heavy,
And her head so very light;
Her color is made of cosmetics
(Though this she will never own),
Her body is made mostly of cotton,
Her heart is made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow
Who swells with a foreign air;
He marries her for her money,
She marries him for his hair!
One of the very best matches,—
Both are well mated in life;
She's got a fool for a husband,
He's got a fool for a wife!

ANONYMOUS.

The New House.¹

MY worthy friend, A. Gordon Knott,
From business snug withdrawn,
Was much contented with a lot
That would contain a Tudor cot
'Twixt twelve feet square of garden-plot,
And twelve feet more of lawn.

He had laid business on the shelf
To give his taste expansion,
And, since no man, retired with pelf,
The building mania can shun,
Knott, being middle-aged himself,
Resolved to build (unhappy elf !)
A mediæval mansion.

He called an architect in counsel ;
“ I want,” said he, “ a — you know what,
(You are a builder, I am Knott,)
A thing complete from chimney-pot
Down to the very grounsel ;
Here’s a half-acre of good land ;

¹ From “ The Unhappy Lot of Mr. Knott.”

THE NEW HOUSE.

Just have it nicely mapped and planned
And make your workmen drive on ;
Meadow there is, and upland too,
And I should like a water-view,
D'you think you could contrive one ?
(Perhaps the pump and trough would do,
If painted a judicious blue ?)
The woodland I've attended to ; ”
(He meant three pines stuck up askew,
Two dead ones and a live one.)
“ A pocket-full of rocks 'twould take
To build a house of freestone,
But then it is not hard to make
What nowadays is *the* stone ;
The cunning painter in a trice
Your house's outside petrifies,
And people think it very gneiss
Without inquiring deeper ;
My money never shall be thrown
Away on such a deal of stone
When stone of deal is cheaper.”

And so the greenest of antiques
Was reared for Knott to dwell in :
The architect worked hard for weeks
In venting all his private peaks
Upon the roof, whose crop of leaks

Had satisfied Fluellen ;
 Whatever anybody had
 Out of the common, good or bad,
 Knott had it all worked well in ;
 A donjon-keep, where clothes might dry,
 A porter's lodge that was a sty,
 A campanile slim and high,
 Too small to hang a bell in ;
 All up and down and here and there,
 With Lord-knows-whats of round and square
 Stuck on at random everywhere, —
 It was a house to make one stare,
 All corners and all gables ;
 Like dogs let loose upon a bear,
 Ten emulous styles *staboyed* with care,
 The whole among them seemed to tear,
 And all the oddities to spare
 Were set upon the stables.

Knott was delighted with a pile
 Approved by fashion's leaders :
 (Only he made the builder smile,
 By asking every little while,
 Why that was called the Twodoor style,
 Which certainly had *three* doors ?)
 Yet better for this luckless man
 If he had put a downright ban

THE NEW HOUSE.

Upon the thing *in limini* ;
For, though to quit affairs his plan,
Ere many days, poor Knott began
Perforce accepting draughts, that ran
 All ways — except up chimney ;
The house, though painted stone to mock,
With nice white lines round every block,
 Some trepidation stood in,
When tempests (with petrific shock,
So to speak) made it really rock,
 Though not a whit less wooden ;
And painted stone, howe'er well done,
Will not take in the prodigal sun
Whose beams are never quite at one
 With our terrestrial lumber ;
So the wood shrank around the knots,
And gaped in disconcerting spots,
And there were lots of dots and rots
 And crannies without number,
Wherethrough, as you may well presume,
The wind, like water through a flume,
 Came rushing in ecstatic,
Leaving, in all three floors, no room
 That was not a rheumatic.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

No Wonder.

“NO wonder me darlin’ is cross-eyed,”
Said love-sick young Pat to his mother,
“For both of her eyes are so pretty
That each wants to look at the other.”

FRANK TOURTELLOT EASTON.

A RHYME FOR PRISCILLA.

A Rhyme for Priscilla.

DEAR Priscilla, quaint, and very
Like a modern Puritan,
Is a modest, literary,
Merry young American :
Horace she has read, and Bion
Is her favorite in Greek ;
Shakespeare is a mighty lion
In whose den she dares but peek ;
Him she leaves to some sage Daniel,
Since of lions she's afraid,—
She prefers a playful spaniel,
Such as Herrick or as Praed ;
And it's not a bit satiric
To confess her fancy goes
From the epic to a lyric
On a rose.

Wise Priscilla, dilettante,
With a sentimental mind,
Doesn't deign to dip in Dante,
And to Milton isn't kind ;
L'Allegro, Il Penseroso

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Have some merits she will grant,
All the rest is only so-so,—
Enter Paradise she can't !
She might make a charming angel
(And she will if she is good,
But it's doubtful if the change'll
 Make the Epic understood):
Honey-suckling, like a bee she
 Goes and pillages his sweets,
And it's plain enough to see she
 Worships Keats.

Gay Priscilla,— just the person
 For the Locker whom she loves ;
What a captivating verse on
 Her neat-fitting gowns or gloves
He could write in catching measure,
 Setting all the heart astir !
And to Aldrich what a pleasure
 It would be to sing of her,—
He, whose perfect songs have won her
 Lips to quote them day by day.
She repeats the rhymes of Bunner
 In a fascinating way,
And you'll often find her lost in—
 She has reveries at times —

A RHYME FOR PRISCILLA.

Some delightful one of Austin
Dobson's rhymes.

O Priscilla, sweet Priscilla,
Writing of you makes me think,
As I burn my brown Manila
And immortalize my ink,
How well satisfied these poets
Ought to be with what they do
When, especially, they know it's
Read by such a girl as you :
I who sing of you would marry
Just the kind of girl you are,—
One who doesn't care to carry
Her poetic taste too far,—
One whose fancy is a bright one,
Who is fond of poems fine,
And appreciates a light one
Such as mine.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Abraham and Ephraim.

HE sermonized industriously in his didactic way,
And moralized momentously with Ephraim
every day,
And taught by tale and proverb and by every good
device
The virtuousness of virtue and the viciousness of vice.

His hortatory homilies, intended to impress
The rightfulness of righteousness, the sin of sinfulness,
Were ever hurled at Ephraim throughout the whole
year long,
That he might rightly comprehend the wrongfulness
of wrong.

“A youth can grow up virtuous, if we but pay the
price;
If we but saturate his soul with showers of advice;
If we instill,” said Abraham, “perpetual truth in
him — ”
And so in truth perpetually he soaked young Ephraim.

ABRAHAM AND EPHRAIM.

The youth absorbed a sermon every morning ere he
ate,
On the awful reprobation of the awful reprobate;
And he swallowed moral theses that were meant to
edify,
And he masticated maxims with his gingerbread and
pie.

And 'twixt breakfast time and dinner the iniquity of
sin
Was taught to him industriously and patiently rubbed
in;
The turpidness of turpitude was duly analyzed
And the evil of depravity was loudly advertised.

And then right after dinner the enormity of crime
And the wrong of immortality was preached till supper
time.
Then Abraham would sermonize through all the
evening hours,
And drench young Ephraim's consciousness in moral-
istic showers.

Thus through cumulative precept did old Abraham
desire
Accumulative virtue should young Ephraim acquire;

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

He taught him virtue endlessly, and waited long to
see

How superlatively virtuous young Ephraim would be.

Thus maxim-goaded Ephraim found righteousness
a bore.

For salve is but an irritant when jammed into a sore;
Even bread is innutritious if you resolutely cram
An indiscriminate bakery down the bursting dia-
phragm.

Thus by hortatory homilies did Abraham impress
The wrongfulness of righteousness, the good of sin-
fulness;

And taught by tale and proverb and by every good
device,

The viciousness of virtue and the virtuousness of vice.

Hence, Ephraim lived a reckless life and died a
felon's death,

But gave this vindication with his latest dying breath :
“ I have been sermonized to death ; I die, to speak
precise,

An unprotected victim of perpetual advice.”

SAM WALTER FOSS.

A WABAN RIPPLE.

¶ Waban Ripple.¹

THE Wellesley girls say,
As at vespers they pray:
"Help us good maids to be;
Give us patience to wait
Till some subsequent date:
World without men,— ah me!"

ANONYMOUS.

¹ "Cap and Gown."

A Modern Martyrdom.

THE Weverwend Awthur Murway Gween,
They say is verwy clevah;
And sister Wuth could heah him pweach,
Fohevah and fohevah.
And I went down to heah him pweach,
With Wuth and my Annette,
Upon the bwave, hewoic deaths
The ancient mawtahs met;
And as he wepwesented them,
In all their acts and feachaws,
The ancient mawtahs, dontcherknow?
Were doocid clevah cweachaws.

But, aw deah me! They don't compah
In twue hewoic bwavevwy,
To a bwave hewo fwiend of mine,
Young Montmowenci Averwy.
He earned foah dollahs everwy week,
And not anothah coppah;
But this bwave soul wesolved to dwess
Pwe-eminently pwoppah.

A MODERN MARTYRDOM.

So this was all the food each day,
The bwave young cweachaw had —
One glaws of milk, a cigawette,
Foah cwackers, and some bwead.

He lived on foahteen cents a day,
And cherwished one great passion :
The pwecious pwoject of his soul,
Of being dwessed in fashion.
But when he'd earned a suit entiah,
To his supweme chagwin,
Just then did shawt-tailed coats go out,
And long-tailed coats come in ;
But naught could bweak his wigid will,
And now, I pway you, note,
That he gave up his glaws of milk
And bought a long-tailed coat.

But then the fashion changed once moah,
And bwrought a gwievous plight ;
It changed from twousers that are loose
To twousers that are tight.
Then his foah cwackers he gave up,
He just wenounced their use ;
And changed to twousers that are tight
Fwom twousers that are loose.

And then the narwow-toed style shoes
To bwoad-toed changed instead ;
Then he pwocured a bwoad-toed pah,
And gave up eating bwead.

Just then the bwoad-bwimmed style of hat
To narwow bwims gave way ;
And so his twibulations gwew,
Incweasing everwy day.
But he pwocured a narwow bwim,
Of verwy stylish set ;
But bwave, bwave soul ! he had to dwop
His pwecious cigawette.
But now when his whole suit confohmed
To fashion's wegulation,
For lack of cwackers, milk, and bwead,
He perwished of stahvation.

Thus in his owah of victowy,
He passed on to his west —
I weally nevah saw a cawpse
So fashionably dwessed.
My teahs above his well-dwessed clay
Fell like the spwingtime wains ;
My eyes had nevah wested on
Such pwoppah dwessed wemains.

A MODERN MARTYRDOM.

The ancient mawtahs — they were gwand
And glowious in their day;
But this bwave Montmowenci was
As gweat and gwand as they.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

Sable.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter “ Little Prig ; ”
Bun replied,
“ You are doubtless very big ;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I’m not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I’ll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track ;
Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put ;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.”

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

*N. Y. State
Traveling Libr.*



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Old Grimes.

OLD Grimes is dead ; that good old man
We never shall see more :
He used to wear a long, black coat,
All button'd down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true ;
His hair was some inclined to gray —
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burn'd ;
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turn'd.

Kind words he ever had for all ;
He knew no base design :
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true :

His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He pass'd securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown :
He wore a double-breasted vest —
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert :
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse —
Was sociable and gay :
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor made a noise, town-meeting days,
As many people do.

OLD GRIMES.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturb'd by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran ;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

ALBERT GORTON GREENE.

Robinson Crusoe.

THE night was thick and hazy
When the *Piccadilly Daisy*
Carried down the crew and Captain in the sea;
And I think the water drowned 'em,
For they never, never found 'em,
And I know they didn't come ashore with me.

Oh, 'twas very sad and lonely
When I found myself the only
Population on this cultivated shore;
But I've made a little tavern
In a rocky little cavern,
And I sit and watch for people at the door.

I spent no time in looking
For a girl to do my cooking,
As I'm quite a clever hand at making stews;
But I had that fellow Friday
Just to keep the tavern tidy,
And to put a Sunday polish on my shoes.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

I have a little garden
That I'm cultivating lard in,
As the things I eat are rather tough and dry;
For I live on toasted lizards,
Prickly pears, and parrot gizzards,
And I'm really very fond of beetle-pie.

The clothes I had were furry,
And it made me fret and worry
When I found the moths were eating off the hair;
And I had to scrape and sand 'em,
And I boiled 'em and I tanned 'em,
Till I got the fine morocco suit I wear.

I sometimes seek diversion
In a family excursion
With the few domestic animals you see;
And we take along a carrot
As refreshments for the parrot,
And a little cup of jungleberry tea.

Then we gather as we travel
Bits of moss and dirty gravel,
And we chip off little specimens of stone,
And we carry home as prizes
Funny bugs of handy sizes,
Just to give the day a scientific tone.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

If the roads are wet and muddy,
We remain at home and study,
For the Goat is very clever at a sum —
And the Dog, instead of fighting,
Studies ornamental writing,
While the Cat is taking lessons on the drum.

We retire at eleven,
And we rise again at seven;
And I wish to call attention, as I close,
To the fact that all the scholars
Are correct about their collars,
And particular in turning out their toes.

CHARLES EDWARD CARRYL.

Candor.¹

OCTOBER — A WOOD.

“ I KNOW what you’re going to say,” she said,
And she stood up looking uncommonly tall ;
“ You are going to speak of the hectic Fall,
And say you’re sorry the summer’s dead.
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And can I imagine what made it so ?
Now aren’t you, honestly ? ” “ Yes,” I said.

“ I know what you’re going to say,” she said ;
“ You are going to ask if I forget
That day in June when the woods were wet,
And you carried me ” — here she dropped her
head —
“ Over the creek ; you are going to say,
Do I remember that horrid day.
Now aren’t you, honestly ? ” “ Yes,” I said.

“ I know what you’re going to say,” she said ;
“ You are going to say that since that time

¹ From “The Poems of H. C. Bunner,” copyright 1884, 1892, 1896, by Charles Scribner’s Sons.

You have rather tended to run to rhyme,
And"—her clear glance fell and her cheek grew
red—
“ And I have noticed your tone was queer?—
Why, everybody has seen it here!—
Now, aren’t you, honestly?” “ Yes,” I said.

“ I know what you’re going to say,” I said ;
“ You’re going to say you’ve been much an-
noyed,
And I’m short of tact — you will say devoid —
And I’m clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted,
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
And you’ll have me anyway, just as I am,
Now aren’t you, honestly?” “ Ye-es,” she said.

H. C. BUNNER.

Too Much of It.

Judge.

HIS engagement is ended at last,
And the fact seems to ease him;
There was something to do with her past
That did not at all please him.

That's no reason why we should infer
There was anything wrong,
But merely the truth as to her —
That her past was too long.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

He Came to Pay.

(After "The Aged Stranger," by Bret Harte.)

THE editor sat with his head in his hands
And his elbows at rest on his knees ;
He was tired of the ever-increasing demands
On his time, and he panted for ease.
The clamor for copy was scorned with a sneer,
And he sighed in the lowest of tones :
"Won't somebody come with a dollar to cheer
The heart of Emanuel Jones ? "

Just then on the stairway a footstep was heard
And a rap-a-tap loud at the door,
And the flickering hope that had been long de-
ferred
Blazed up like a beacon once more ;
And there entered a man with a cynical smile
That was fringed with a stubble of red,
Who remarked, as he tilted a sorry old tile
To the back of an average head :
"I have come here to pay" — Here the editor
cried :
" You're as welcome as flowers in spring !

HE CAME TO PAY.

Sit down in this easy armchair by my side,
And excuse me awhile till I bring
A lemonade dashed with a little old wine
And a dozen cigars of the best. . . .
Ah! Here we are! This, I assure you, is fine;
Help yourself, most desirable guest."

The visitor drank with a relish, and smoked
Till his face wore a satisfied glow,
And the editor, beaming with merriment, joked
In a joyous, spontaneous flow;
And then, when the stock of refreshments was
gone,
His guest took occasion to say,
In accents distorted somewhat by a yawn,
" My errand up here is to pay — "

But the generous scribe, with a wave of his hand,
Put a stop to the speech of his guest,
And brought in a melon, the finest the land
Ever bore on its generous breast;
And the visitor, wearing a singular grin,
Seized the heaviest half of the fruit,
And the juice, as it ran in a stream from his chin,
Washed the mud of the pike from his boot.

Then, mopping his face on a favorite sheet
Which the scribe had laid carefully by,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

The visitor lazily rose to his feet
With the dreariest kind of a sigh,
And he said, as the editor sought his address
In his books to discover his due :
“ I came here to pay — my respects to the press,
And to borrow a dollar of you ! ”

PARMENAS MIX.

Aafeared of a Gal.

O H, darn it all! — aafeared of her,
And such a mite of a gal;
Why, two of her size rolled into one
Won't ditto sister Sal!
Her voice is sweet as the whippoorwill's,
And the sunshine's in her hair;
But I'd rather face a redskin's knife,
Or the grip of a grizzly bear.
Yet Sal says, "Why, she's such a dear,
She's just the one for you."
Oh, darn it all! — aafeared of a gal,
And me just six feet two!

Though she ain't any size, while I'm
Considerable tall,
I'm nowhere when she speaks to me,
She makes me feel so small.
My face grows red, my tongue gets hitched;
The cussed thing won't go;
It riles me, 'cause it makes her think
I'm most tarnation slow.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

And though folks say she's sweet on me,
I guess it can't be true.
Oh, darn it all!—afeared of a gal,
And me just six feet two!

My sakes! just s'pose if what the folks
Is saying should be so!
Go, Cousin Jane, and speak to her,
Find out and let me know;
Tell her the gals should court the men,
For isn't this leap-year?
That's why I'm kind of bashful like,
Awaiting for her here;
And should she hear I'm scared of her,
You'll swear it can't be true.
Oh, darn it all!—afeared of a gal,
And me just six feet two!

ANONYMOUS.

Little Mamma.

WHY is it the children don't love me
As they do mamma?

That they put her ever above me —

“ Little mamma? ”

I'm sure I do all that I can do,

What more can a rather big man do,

Who can't be mamma —

Little mamma?

Any game that the tyrants suggest,
“ Logomachy,” — which I detest, —
Doll-babies, hop-scotch, or baseball,
I'm always on hand at the call.

When Noah and the others embark,
I'm the elephant saved in the ark.

I creep, and I climb, and I crawl —
By turns am the animals all.

For the show on the stair

I'm always the bear,

The chimpanzee, or the kangaroo.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

It is never, "Mamma,—
Little mamma,—
Won't you?"

My umbrella's the pony, if any—
None ride on mamma's parasol :
I'm supposed to have always the penny
For bon-bons, and beggars, and all.
My room is the one where they clatter—
Am I reading, or writing, what matter!
My knee is the one for a trot,
My foot is the stirrup for Dot.
If his fractions get into a snarl
Who straightens the tangles for Karl?
Who bounds Massachusetts and Maine,
And tries to bound flimsy old Spain?
Why,
It is I,
Papa,—
Not little mamma!

That the youngsters are ingrates don't say.
I think they love me—in a way—
As one does the old clock on the stair,—
Any curious, cumbrous affair

LITTLE MAMMA.

That one's used to having about,
And would feel rather lonely without.
I think that they love me, I say,
In a sort of a tolerant way;

But it's plain that papa
Isn't little mamma.

Thus when shadows come stealing anear,
And things in the firelight look queer;
When shadows the play-room enwrap,
They never climb into my lap
And toy with *my* head, smooth and bare,
As they do with mamma's shining hair;
Nor feel round my throat and my chin
For dimples to put fingers in;
Nor lock my neck in a loving vise,
And say they're "mousies" — that's mice —

And will nibble my ears,
Will nibble and bite
With their little mice-teeth, so sharp and so
white,
If I do not kiss them this very minute —
Don't-wait-a-bit-but-at-once-begin-it —

Dear little papa!
That's what they say and do to mamma.

If, mildly hinting, I quietly say that
 Kissing's a game that more can play at,
 They turn up at once those innocent eyes,
 And I suddenly learn to my great surprise
 That my face has "prickles" —
 My moustache tickles.
 If, storming their camp, I seize a pert shaver,
 And take as a right what was asked as a favor,
 It is, "O papa,
 How horrid you are —
 You taste exactly like a cigar!"

But though the rebels protest and pout,
 And make a pretence of driving me out,
 I hold, after all, the main redoubt, —
 Not by force of arms nor the force of will,
 But the power of love, which is mightier still.
 And very deep in their hearts, I know,
 Under the saucy and petulant "oh,"
 The doubtful "yes," or the naughty "no,"
 They love papa.

And down in the heart that no one sees,
 Where I hold my feasts and my jubilees,
 I know that I would not abate one jot
 Of the love that is held by my little Dot

LITTLE MAMMA.

Or my great big boy for their little mamma,
Though out in the cold it crowded papa.
I would not abate it the tiniest whit,
And I am not jealous the least little bit;
For I'll tell you a secret: Come, my dears,
And I'll whisper it — right-into-your-ears —
I, too, love mamma,
Little mamma !

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

Paradise.

A HINDOO LEGEND.

A HINDOO died — a happy thing to do
When twenty years united to a shrew.
Released, he hopefully for entrance cries
Before the gates of Brahma's Paradise.
“Hast been through Purgatory?” Brahma said :
“I have been married.” And he hung his head.
“Come in, come in, and welcome, too, my son !
Marriage and Purgatory are as one.”
In bliss extreme he entered Heaven’s door,
And knew the peace he ne’er had known before.

He scarce had entered in the Garden fair,
Another Hindoo asked admission there.
The self-same question Brahma asked again :
“Hast been through Purgatory ?” “No — what
then ?”
“Thou canst not enter !” did the God reply.
“He that went in was no more there than I.”

PARADISE.

“Yes, that is true, but he has married been,
And so on earth has suffered for all sin.”

“Married? ’Tis well; for I’ve been married
twice!”

“Begone! We’ll have no *fools* in Paradise!”

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

Love in a Cottage.

THEY may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of trellised vine —
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milkmaids half divine ;
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning,
By the side of a footstep free !

But give me a sly flirtation
By the light of a chandelier —
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near ;
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
With a glass of pure old wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies —
Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,
And simplicity talks of pies !

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

You lie down to your shady slumber
And wake with a bug in your ear,
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease —
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel
And shot from a silver string.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

& Philosopher.

ZACK BUMSTEAD uster flosserfize
 About the ocean and the skies:
 An' gab an' gas f'um morn till noon
 About the other side the moon;
 An' 'bout the natur of the place
 Ten miles be—end the end of space.
 An' if his wife she'd ask the crank
 Ef he wouldn't kinder try to yank
 Hisself out doors an' git some wood
 To make her kitchen fire good,
 So she c'd bake her beans an' pies,
 He'd say, "I've gotter flosserfize."

An' then he'd set an' flosserfize
 About the natur an' the size
 Of angels' wings, an' think, and gawp,
 An' wonder how they made 'em flop.
 He'd calkerlate how long a skid
 'Twould take to move the sun, he did,
 An' if the skid was strong an' prime,
 It couldn't be moved to supper-time.

A PHILOSOPHER.

An' w'en his wife 'ud ask the lout
Ef he wouldn't kinder waltz about
An' take a rag an' shoo the flies,
He'd say, "I've gotter flosserfize."

An' then he'd set an' flosserfize
'Bout schemes for fencing in the skies,
Then lettin' out the lots to rent
So's he could make an honest cent,
An' ef he'd find it pooty tough
To borry cash fer fencin' stuff?
An' if 'twere best to take his wealth
An' go to Europe for his health,
Or save his cash till he'd enough
To buy some more of fencin' stuff—
Then, ef his wife she'd ask the gump
Ef he wouldn't kinder try to hump
Hissell to tother side the door
So she c'd come an' sweep the floor,
He'd look at her with mournful eyes,
An' say, "I've gotter flosserfize."

An' so he'd set an' flosserfize
'Bout what it wuz held up the skies,

An' how God made this earthly ball
 Jest simply out er nawthin' tall,
 An' 'bout the natur, shape an' form
 Of nawthin' that he made it from.
 Then, ef his wife sh'd ask the freak
 Ef he wouldn't kinder try to sneak
 Out to the barn an' find some aigs,
 He'd never move nor lift his laigs,
 He'd never stir nor try to rise
 But say, "I've gotter flosserfize."

An' so he'd set an' flosserfize
 About the earth an' sea an' skies,
 An' scratch his head an' ask the cause
 Of w'at there waz before time waz,
 An' w'at the universe 'ud do
 Bimeby w'en time hed all got through;
 An' jest how fur we'd have to climb
 Ef we sh'd travel out er time,
 An' ef we'd need w'en we got there
 To keep our watches in repair.
 Then, ef his wife she'd ask the gawk
 Ef he wouldn't kinder try to walk
 To where she had the table spread
 An' kinder git his stomach fed,
 He'd leap for that ar kitchen door
 An' say, "W'y didn't you speak afore?"

A PHILOSOPHER.

An' when he'd got his supper et,
He'd set, an' set, an' set, an' set,
An' fold his arms an' shet his eyes,
An' set, an' set, an' flosserfize.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

Applied Mathematics.¹

“ **M**Y daughter,” and his voice was stern,
“ You must set this matter right;
What time did the Sophomore leave,
Who sent in his card last night?”

“ His work was pressing, father dear,
And his love for it was great;
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight.”

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye,
And her dimple deeper grew.
“ ‘Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two.”

LEHIGH BURR.

¹ “Cap and Gown.”

DISCOVERED.

Discovered.¹

SEEN you down at chu'ch las' night —
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

What I mean? Oh, dat's all right —
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Oh, you's sma't ez sma't kin be,
But you couldn't hide f'om me;
Ain't I got two eyes to see?

Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Guess you thought you's awful keen —
Nevah min', Miss Lucy;

Evaht'ing you done I seen —
Nevah min', Miss Lucy;

Seen him tek yo' ahm jes so,
When you got outside de do' —
Ah, I know dat man's yo' beau, —

Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Say now, honey, wha' 'd he say?
Nevah min', Miss Lucy;

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AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Keep yo' sec'uts — dat's yo' way —
Nevah min', Miss Lucy ;
Won't tell me, an' I'm yo' pal !
I'm gwine to tell his othah gal —
Know huh, too — huh name is Sal —
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

THE POSTER-GIRL.

The Poster-girl.

Century Magazine.

THE blessed Poster-girl leaned out
From a pinky-purple heaven;
One eye was red and one was green;
Her bang was cut uneven;
She had three fingers on her hand,
And the hairs on her head were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No sunflowers did adorn;
But a heavy Turkish portière
Was very neatly worn;
And the hat that lay along her back
Was yellow like canned corn.

It was a kind of wobbly wave
That she was standing on,
And high aloft she flung a scarf
That must have weighed a ton;
And she was rather tall — at least
She reached up to the sun.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

She curved and writhed, and then she said,
 Less green of speech than blue :
“ Perhaps I *am* absurd — perhaps
 I *don't* appeal to you ;
But my artistic worth depends
 Upon the point of view.”

I saw her smile, although her eyes
 Were only smudgy smears ;
And then she swished her swirling arms,
 And wagged her gorgeous ears,
She sobbed a blue-and-green-checked sob,
 And wept some purple tears.

CAROLYN WELLS.

UNCLE SAMMY.

Uncle Sammy.¹

SOME men were born for great things,
Some were born for small;
Some—it is not recorded
Why they were born at all;
But Uncle Sammy was certain he had a legitimate
call.

Some were born with a talent,
Some with scrip and land;
Some with a spoon of silver,
And some with a different brand;
But Uncle Sammy came holding an argument in
each hand.

Arguments sprouted within him,
And twinkled in his little eye;
He lay and calmly debated
When average babies cry,
And seemed to be pondering gravely whether to live
or to die.

¹ From "Farm Ballads." Copyright, 1873, by Harper & Brothers.

But prejudiced on that question

He grew from day to day,

And finally he concluded

'Twas better for him to stay;

And so into life's discussion he reasoned and reasoned
his way.

Through childhood, through youth, into man-
hood

Argued and argued he;

And he married a simple maiden,

Though scarcely in love was she;

But he reasoned the matter so clearly she hardly
could help but agree.

And though at first she was blooming,

And the new firm started strong,

And though Uncle Sammy loved her,

And tried to help her along,

She faded away in silence, and 'twas evident some-
thing was wrong.

Now Uncle Sammy was faithful,

And various remedies tried;

He gave her the doctor's prescriptions,

And plenty of logic beside;

But logic and medicine failed him, and so one day
she died.

UNCLE SAMMY.

He laid her away in the church-yard,
So haggard and crushed and wan;
And reared her a costly tombstone
With all of her virtues on;
And ought to have added, "A victim to arguments
pro and con."

For many a year Uncle Sammy
Fired away at his logical forte :
Discussion was his occupation,
And altercation his sport;
He argued himself out of churches, he argued him-
self into court.

But alas for his peace and quiet,
One day, when he went it blind,
And followed his singular fancy,
And slighted his logical mind,
And married a ponderous widow that wasn't of the
arguing kind !

Her sentiments all were settled,
Her habits were planted and grown,
Her heart was a starved little creature
That followed a will of her own;
And she raised a high hand with Sammy, and pro-
ceeded to play it alone.

Then Sammy he charged down upon her
 With all of his strength and his wit,
 And many a dextrous encounter,
 And many a fair shoulder-hit;
 But vain were his blows and his blowing: he never
 could budge her a bit.

He laid down his premises round her,
 He scraped at her with his saws;
 He rained great facts upon her,
 And read her the marriage laws,
 But the harder he tried to convince her, the harder
 and harder she was.

She brought home all her preachers,
 As many as ever she could —
 With sentiments terribly settled,
 And appetites horribly good —
 Who sat with him long at his table, and explained to
 him where he stood.

And Sammy was not long in learning
 To follow the swing of her gown,
 And came to be faithful in watching
 The phase of her smile and her frown;
 And she, with the heel of assertion, soon tramped all
 his arguments down.

UNCLE SAMMY.

And so, with his life-aspirations

 Thus suddenly brought to a check —

And so, with the foot of his victor

 Unceasingly pressing his neck —

He wrote on his face, "I'm a victim," and drifted
 — a logical wreck.

And farmers, whom he had argued

 To corners tight and fast,

Would wink at each other and chuckle,

 And grin at him as he passed,

As to say, "My ambitious old fellow, your whiffle-
 tree's straightened at last."

Old Uncle Sammy one morning

 Lay down on his comfortless bed,

And Death and he had a discussion,

 And Death came out ahead ;

And the fact that *she* failed to start him was only
 because he was dead.

The neighbors laid out their old neighbor,

 With homely but tenderest art ;

And some of the oldest ones faltered,

 And tearfully stood apart ;

For the crusty old man had often unguardedly shown
 them his heart.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

But on his face an expression
 Of quizzical study lay,
As if he were sounding the angel
 Who travelled with him that day,
And laying the pipes down slyly for an argument on
 the way.

And one new-fashioned old lady
 Felt called upon to suggest
That the angel might take Uncle Sammy,
 And give him a good night's rest,
And then introduce him to Solomon, and tell him to
 do his best.

WILL CARLETON.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HORACE.

The Truth about Horace.¹

IT is very aggravating
To hear the solemn prating
Of the fossils who are stating
That old Horace was a prude;
When we know that with the ladies
He was always raising Hades,
And with many an escapade his
Best productions are imbued.

There's really not much harm in a
Large number of his carmina,
But these people find alarm in a
Few records of his acts;
So they'd squelch the muse caloric,
And to students sophomoric
They'd present as metaphoric
What old Horace meant for facts.

We have always thought 'em lazy;
Now we adjudge 'em crazy!

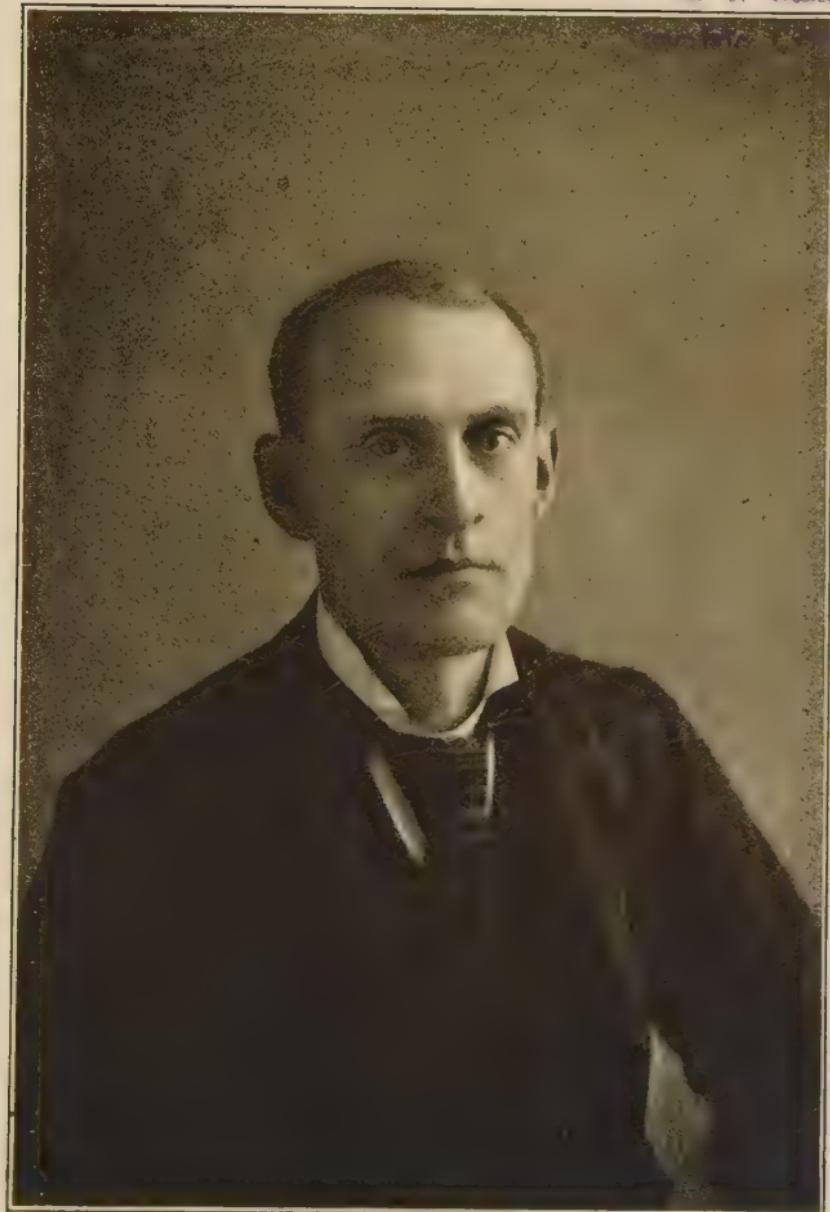
¹ From "A Little Book of Western Verse." Copyright, 1889, by Eugene Field, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Why, Horace was a daisy
That was very much alive !
And the wisest of us know him
As his Lydia verses show him,—
Go, read that virile poem,—
It is No. 25.

He was a very owl, sir,
And starting out to prowl, sir,
You bet he made Rome howl, sir,
Until he filled his date ;
With a massic-laden ditty
And a classic maiden pretty,
He painted up the city,
And Mæcenas paid the freight !

EUGENE FIELD.

W. H. Stann



EUGENE FIELD

REV. GABE TUCKER'S REMARKS.

Rev. Gabe Tucker's Remarks.

YOU may notch it on de palin's as a mighty resky
plan

To make your judgment by de clo'es dat kivers up a
man;

For I hardly needs to tell you how you often come
across

A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss;

An', wukin' in de low-groun's, you diskiver, as you go,
Dat de fines' shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin in a
row.

I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for
heben

Dat holds on to his piety but one day out o' seben;
Dat talks about de sinners wid a heap o' solemn
chat,

And nebber draps a nickle in de missionary hat;
Dat's foremost in the meetin'-house for raisin' all de
chunes,

But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloons.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

I nebber judge o' people dat I meets along de way
By de places whar dey come fum an' de houses whar
dey stay;
For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin' pretty
high,
An' de turkey buzzard sails above de eagle in de
sky;
Dey ketches little minners in de middle of de sea,
An' you finds de smalles' possum up de biggest kind
o' tree !

ANONYMOUS.

'TIS EVER THUS.

'Tis Ever Thus.

Century Magazine.

A D Astra, De Profundis,
Keats, Bacchus, Sophocles;
Ars Longa, Euthanasia,
Spring, The Eumenides.

Dead Leaves, Metempsychosis,
Waiting, Theocritus;
Vanitas Vanitatum,
My Ship, De Gustibus.

Dum Vivimus Vivamus,
Sleep, Palingenesis;
Salvini, Sursum Corda,
At Mt. Desert, To Miss ——.

These are part of the contents
Of "Violets of Song,"
The first poetic volume
Of Susan Mary Strong.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

An Echo from the 17th.

WHO builds de railroads and canals,
But furriners ?

Who helps across de street de gals,
But furriners ?

Who in de caucus has der say,
Who does de votin' 'lection day,
And who discovered U. S. A.,
But furriners ?

FRANK TOURTELLOT EASTON.

MARRY ME, DARLINT, TO-NIGHT.

Marry Me, Darlint, To-night.

Century Magazine.

ME darlint, it's axin' they are
That I goes to the wars to be kilt,
An' come back wid an iligant shkar,
An' a sabre hung on to a hilt.

They offers promotion to those
Who die in definse of the right.
I'll be off in the mornin' — suppose
Ye marry me, darlint, to-night?

There's nothin' so raises a man
In the eyes of the wurrld as to fall
Ferninst the ould flag, in the van,
Pierced through wid a bit of a ball.

An' whin I am kilt ye can wear
Some iligant crape on yir bonnet.
Jist think how the women will shtare
Wid invy whiniver ye don it!

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Oh, fwat a proud widdy ye'll be
Whin they bring me carpse home,—
not to mintion

The fact we can live (don't ye see?)
All the rest of our lives on me pinsion !

W. W. FINK.

OCTOBER.

October.¹

THIS is old gold-stoled October,
 In its glowing, flowing gown;
And its spirit, blithe and sober,
All the woodland's gay disrober,
 Turns the grasses gray and brown.
 Not a vestige
 Of the prestige
Now remains of Summer's crown.

Through the wood the brooklet bubbles
 In melodious unrest,
While the small boy coyly dabbles
In his neighbor's fruit, or scrabbles
 Barefoot, free of hat and vest,
 Like Terpsichore
 Up the hickory
For the ashen hornet's nest.

Through the valley, gloom-invaded,
 Plaintively the cattails sigh,

¹ "The Acrobatic Muse."

While the shaded, jaded, faded
Ribbon grasses, zephyr-braided,
Are paraded far and nigh,
 And the vesper
 Hour sees Hesper
Like a scarf pin deck the sky.

On the branch the leaf is curling
 Like the caudal of a pug,
And a lilac mist's unfurling
All the touchful scene impearling,
 While the humble tumblebug
 Gaily tumbles,
 Bumps and stumbles
Round his glossy, mossy rug.

As the days are waxing duller,
 Ceres wanders by the weir,
Ruddy as a homespun cruller—
In the drifting, shifting color
 Sail her ringlets, gold and sere,
 While beguiling
 She is smiling —
On the corn — from ear to ear.

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

The Jim-jam King of the Jou-jous.

AN ARABIAN LEGEND.

Translated from the Arabic.

FAR off in the waste of desert sand,
The Jim-jam rules in the Jou-jou land :
He sits on a throne of red-hot rocks,
And moccasin snakes are his curling locks ;
And the Jou-jous have the conniption fits
In the far-off land where the Jim-jam sits —
If things are nowadays as things were then.
Allah il Allah ! Oo-aye ! Amen !

The country's so dry in Jou-jou land
You could wet it down with Sahara sand,
And over its boundaries the air
Is hotter than 'tis — no matter where :
A camel drops down completely tanned
When he crosses the line into Jou-jou land —
If things are nowadays as things were then.
Allah il Allah ! Oo-aye ! Amen !

A traveller once got stuck in the sand
On the fiery edge of Jou-jou land ;

The Jou-jous they confiscated him,
 And the Jim-jam tore him limb from limb;
 But, dying, he said : " If eaten I am,
 I'll disagree with this Dam-jim-jam !
 He'll think his stomach's a Hoodoo's den ! "
 Allah il Allah ! Oo-aye ! Amen !

Then the Jim-jam felt so bad inside,
 It just about humbled his royal pride.
 He decided to physic himself with sand,
 And throw up his job in the Jou-jou land.
 He descended his throne of red-hot rocks,
 And hired a barber to cut his locks:
 The barber died of the got-'em-again.
 Allah il Allah ! Oo-aye ! Amen !

And now let every good Mussulman
 Get all the good from this tale he can.
 If you wander off on a Jamboree,
 Across the stretch of the desert sea,
 Look out that right at the height of your
 booze

You don't get caught by the Jou-jou-jous !
 You may, for the Jim-jam's at it again.
 Allah il Allah ! Oo-aye ! Amen !

ALARIC BERTRAND START.

Ballad of the Mermaid.

DER noble Ritter Hugo
Von Schwillensaufenstein,
Rode out mit shpeer and helmet,
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meer maid,
Vot hadn't got nodings on,
Und she say, " Oh, Ritter Hugo,
Vhere you goes mit yourself alone? "

And he says, " I rides in de greenwood
Mit helmet und mit shpeer,
Till I cooms into ein Gasthaus,
Und dere I trinks some beer."

Und den outshpoke de maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on :
" I don't dink mooch of beoplesh
Dat goes mit demselfs alone.

" You'd petter coom down in de wasser,
Vhere deres heaps of dings to see,
Und hafe a shplendid tinner
Und drafel along mit me.

“ Dere you sees de fisch a-schwimmin’,
 Und you catches dem efery one : ”
So sang dis wasser maiden
 Vot hadn’t got nodings on.

“ Dere ish drunks all full mit money
 In ships dat vent down of old ;
Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder !
 To shimmerin’ crowns of gold.

“ Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches !
 Shoost see dese diamant rings !
Coom down und full your bockets,
 Und I’ll giss you like avery dings.

“ Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und
 lager ?
 Coom down into der Rhine !
Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne
 Vonce filled mit gold-red wine ! ”

Dat fetched him — he shtood all shpell
 pound ;
 She pooled his coat-tails down,
She drawed him oonder der wasser,
 De maidens mit nodings on.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Mine Moder-in-law.

DHERE vas many queer dings in dis land off
der free

I neffer could qvite understand ;
Der beoples dhey all seem so deefrent to me
As dhoce in mine own faderland.
Dhey gets blenty droubles, und indo mishaps
Mitoudt der least bit of a cause ;
Und vould you pelief it? dhoce mean Yangee
chaps,
Dhey fights mit dheir moder-in-laws ?

Shust dink off a white man so wicked as dot !

Vhy not gife der oldt lady a show ?
Who vas it gets oup, ven der nighdt id vas hot,
Mit mine baby, I shust like to know ?
Und dhen in der vinter when Katrine vas sick
Und der mornings vas shnowy und raw,
Who made rightd avay oup dot fire so qwick ?
Vhy, dot vas mine moder-in-law.

Id vas von off dhoce woman's righdts vellers I
been
Dhere vas noding dot's mean aboudt me ;

Vhen der oldt lady vishes to run dot masheen,
Vhy, I shust let her run id, you see.
Und when dot shly Yawcob vas cutting some
dricks
(A block off der oldt chip he vas, yaw !)
Ef she goes for dot chap like some dousand off
bricks,
Dot's all righdt! She's mine moder-in-law.

Veek oudt und veek in, id vas alvays der same,
Dot women vos boss off der house;
Budt, dhen, neffer mindt! I vos glad dot she
came,
She vas kind to mine young Yawcob Strauss.
Und ven dhore vas vater to get vrom der spring
Und firewood to shplit oup und saw
She vas velcome to do it. Dhere's not anyding
Dot's too good for mine moder-in-law.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

Dot Long-handled Dipper.

DER boet may sing off “Der Oldt Oaken Bookit,”
Und in schveetest langvitch its virtues may tell;
Und how, vhen a poy, he mit eggsdasy dook it,
Vhen dripping mit coolness it rose vrom der vell.
I don’d take some schtock in dot manner off trinking!
It vas too mooch like horses und cattle, I dink.
Dhere vas more satisfactiuns, in my vay off dinking,
Mit dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

“ How schveet vrom der green mossy brim to receive
it ” —

Dot vould soundt pooty goot — eef it only vas true —
Der vater schbills ofer, you petter believe it!
Und runs down your schleeve, und schlops indo your
shoe.

Dhen down on your nose comes dot oldt iron handle,
Und makes your eyes vater so gwick as a vink.
I dells you dot bookit it don’d hold a candle
To dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

How nice it musd been in der rough vinter veddher,
Vhen it settles righdt down to a coldt, freezing rain,

To haf dot rope coom oup so light as a feddher,
 Und findt dot der bookit vas proke off der chain,
 Dhen down in der vell mit a pole you go fishing,
 Vhile indo your back cooms an oldt-fashioned kink ;
 I pet you mine life all der time you vas vishing
 For dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der
 sink.

How handy it vas schust to turn on der faucet,
 Vhere der vater flows down vrom der schpring on der
 hill !

I schust vas der schap dot vill alvays indorse it
 Oxspecially nighdts vhen der veddher vas chill.
 Vhen Pfeiffer's oldt vell mit der schnow was all
 cofered,
 Und he vades droo der schnow-drifts to get him a
 trink,
 I schlips vrom der hearth, vhere der schiltren vas
 hofered,
 To dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

Dhen gife oup der bookits und pails to der horses ;
 Off mikerobes und tadpoles schust gife dhem dheir
 fill !

Gife me dot pure vater dot all der time courses
 Droo dhose pipes dot run down vrom der schpring
 on der hill.

DOT LONG - HANDLED DIPPER.

Und eef der goot dings off dis world I gets rich in,
Und frendts all aroundt me dheir glasses schall clink,
I schtill vill rememper dot oldt coundtry kitchen,
Und dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

¶ Fair Exchange.

Judge.

HIS heart a maiden robbed him of;
So he, in sorest grief,
Brought action in the Court of Love
To prosecute the thief.

And Angels twelve, nor less nor more,
Were summoned, heavenly dears,
For she was to be tried before
A Jury of her peers.

The case was called, and it was proved,
Ere many words were said,
When she the Plaintiff's heart removed
She left her own instead.

“ Not guilty ! ” thus the verdict stands,
“ A fair exchange he got.”
Judge Love, agreeing, joined their hands
And wed them on the spot.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE

Bessie Brown, M. D.

'TWAS April when she came to town;
The birds had come, the bees were
swarming.

Her name, she said, was Doctor Brown:
I saw at once that she was charming.
She took a cottage tinted green,
Where dewy roses loved to mingle;
And on the door, next day, was seen
A dainty little shingle.

Her hair was like an amber wreath;
Her hat was darker, to enhance it.
The violet eyes that glowed beneath
Were brighter than her keenest lancet.
The beauties of her glove and gown
The sweetest rhyme would fail to utter.
Ere she had been a day in town
The town was in a flutter.

The gallants viewed her feet and hands,
And swore they never saw such wee things;

The gossips met in purring bands
 And tore her piecemeal o'er the tea-things.
 The former drank the Doctor's health
 With clinking cups, the gay carousers;
 The latter watched her door by stealth,
 Just like so many mousers.

But Doctor Bessie went her way
 Unmindful of the spiteful cronies,
 And drove her buggy every day
 Behind a dashing pair of ponies.
 Her flower-like face so bright she bore
 I hoped that time might never wilt her.
 The way she tripped across the floor
 Was better than a philter.

Her patients thronged the village street;
 Her snowy slate was always quite full.
 Some said her bitters tasted sweet,
 And some pronounced her pills delightful.
 'Twas strange — I knew not what it meant —
 She seemed a nymph from Eldorado;
 Where'er she came, where'er she went,
 Grief lost its gloomy shadow.

Like all the rest I, too, grew ill;
 My aching heart there was no quelling.

BESSIE BROWN, M. D.

I tremble at my doctor's bill,—
And lo ! the items still are swelling.
The drugs I've drunk you'd weep to hear!
They've quite enriched the fair concocter,
And I'm a ruined man, I fear,
Unless — I wed the Doctor !

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

¶ Song of Degrees.

Century Magazine.

10.

HE. It isn't polite to call them fools,
But I do wish girls wouldn't meddle
with tools !

I had to lend them, she begged me so,
And just see here what a state they're in.
She reamed a hole with the scoop, you know,
And took the reamer to cut a pin.
And she's went and knocked the head off the
hammer —
(I don't care a cent if that isn't grammar !)

SHE. Of all the troublesome creatures, boys
Are the troublesomest, and fullest of noise !
I lent them my work-box to make a sail ;
I had to, or else there'd have been a fuss,
And I'd sooner have lent it to a — whale !
Everything's tangled, and all in a muss.
And now they say, if a girl wasn't "dumb,"
She'd wear her thimble upon her thumb !

A SONG OF DEGREES.

20.

HE. Ah, not with those dear little hands —
so white,
So sweetly helpless ; it isn't right !
Give me the hammer, and let me, please !
Oh, yes ! you were doing it bravely, love,
But I can't sit here in selfish ease,
And see you driving a nail, my dove.
If you think that I could, you do me wrong ;
Your hands are so weak, and mine so strong.

SHE. Give me your gauntlet, Sir Knight —
your glove,
I'd call it, if I were not in love !
You're graceful, whatever you do, you know,
But what sort of *fiancée* should I be,
If I even let you try to sew ?
I will mend it neatly — you shall see.
I do love sewing ; and you too, dear.
Now, do not be foolish — give it here !

30.

HE. It is more than a man can well endure !
If I've mentioned this button once, I'm sure
I've mentioned it twenty times, and yet
I couldn't induce you to sew it on.

It's no excuse to say you forget!
It hung by a thread, and now it's gone.
Just reach me the button-box off the shelf—
I'll be hanged if I don't sew it on myself!

SHE. The lock of the pantry-door is broken,
And this is the fiftieth time I've spoken!
There's a handle off this bureau-drawer,
And here's that chair that you said you'd
mend.

I will not speak of them any more;
It's always so, I find, in the end.
I'll do them myself — oh, you may scoff,
But I will, if I pound my fingers off!

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

Dollie.

She sports a witching gown,
With a ruffle up and down
 On the skirt;
She is gentle, she is shy,
But there's mischief in her eye,—
 She's a flirt!

She displays a tiny glove,
And a dainty little love
 Of a shoe;
And she wears her hat a-tilt
Over bangs that never wilt
 In the dew.

'Tis rumored chocolate creams
Are the fabrics of her dreams—
 But enough!
I know beyond a doubt
That she carries them about
 In her muff.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

With her dimples and her curls
She exasperates the girls
 Past belief :
They hint that she's a cat,
And delightful things like that,
 In their grief.

It is shocking, I declare !
But what does Dollie care
 When the beaux
Come flocking to her feet
Like the bees around a sweet
 Little rose !

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

When Greek Meets Greek.

THEN his hand he placed, as ever,
 On his heart,
And swore from her he'd never,
 Never part.

Well he knew, that Boston drummer,
How sly Cupid had, all summer,
Dogged his steps, the little bummer !
 With his dart.

Quickly Cupid caught the notion,
 Wily Greek !
Deftly made his arrow's motion
 More oblique.
Thought, " Dost shield a spot so oaken ?
At thy *head* shall fly my token " —
In a trice its point was broken
 On his cheek.

ANONYMOUS.

What Will We Do?

WHAT will we do when the good days come?
When the prima donna's lips are dumb;
And the man who reads us his "little things"
Has lost his voice like the girl who sings;
When stilled is the breath of the cornet man,
And the shrilling chords of the quartette clan;
When our neighbor's children have lost their drums,
Oh, what will we do when the good time comes?

Oh, what will we do in that good, blithe time,
When the tramp will work — oh, thing sublime!
And the scornful dame who stands on your feet
Will "Thank you, sir," for the proffered seat;
And the man you hire to work by the day,
Will allow you to do his work your way;
And the cook who trieth your appetite
Will steal no more than she thinks is right;
When the boy you hire will call you "Sir,"
Instead of "Say" and "Guverner;"
When the funny man is humorsome —
How can we stand the millennium?

ROBERT JONES BURDETTE.

LOT SKINNER'S ELEGY.

Lot Skinner's Elegy.

LOT SKINNER was the meanest man
That ever saved his neck ;
He grudged the very breath he drew,
As if it were a check.

When he was in the grocer line,
And turning fruit to gold,
He'd bite a raisin straight in halves
To make the weight he sold.

Day in and out, through heat and cold,
For thirty years or more,
He well observed the copper-mean,
And — something blessed his store.

He never gave a dime away,
He never lost a pin ;
A ninepence saved rejoiced him more
Than taking ninepence in.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Of counterfeited bills he used
The best of every kind,
Which in the way of trade he kept,
To swap off on the blind.

The poor came round his counter's edge,
And raised a feeble cry :
“Don't speak so loud,” the rogue exclaimed,
“For I am always nigh.”

“ ‘Tis little things that make a pile,’ —
(This maxim he could trust.)
So, when he sawed his pile of wood,
He always saved the dust.

He had but one book in the house,
And *that* he never read !
‘Twas called “Economy of Life,” —
And did him good, he said.

He welcomed in the rising moon, —
‘Twas such a cheerful sight;
For then he'd blow the candle out,
And use the gratis light.

LOT SKINNER'S ELEGY.

He liked in other people's pews
To settle meekly down,
And steal his preaching, here and there,
By sneaking round the town.

Sometimes we saw a greenish smile
Coil up his bony face :
'Twas when the parson chose a theme
That spoke of *saving* grace.

At last it cost so much to live, —
(Per day some twenty cents,)
“ I won’t stand this ! ” he inly groaned,
And died to save expense.

Now, having gone where all his means
Are shut up in a box,
He cannot lift that heavy lid
The careful sexton locks.

Adieu ! thou scrap of lifeless clay !
Thou pale-ink human blot !
This line shall be thine epitaph, —
“ *An unproductive Lot !* ”

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

A Lover without Arms.

A CAPTAIN went to Gettysburg
And plunged into the fray,
And while he led his brave command
Both arms were shot away.

This Captain's name was Peter Field,
And he was tall and stout ;
But when he found himself disarmed
His courage " petered out."

Now Peter, at a country fair,
A fair young maid had met ;
While in the hospital he sat,
His heart on her was set.

Poor Peter mourned his sorry loss,
Which nothing could replace ;
He wanted much a brace of arms,
His maiden to embrace.

While Peter Field was sorely maimed,
And far down in the dumps,

A LOVER WITHOUT ARMS.

She took occasion to declare
She'd take him with his stumps.

This manly offer made him weep,
He was almost unmanned ;
He told her she could have his heart,
But couldn't have his hand.

His hand this maiden could not get,
For he was incomplete ;
And so this feat she did perform,
She took his heart and feet.

Some lovers say, " Come to my arms ! "
And quick the maiden jumps ;
But Peter changed the phrase and said,
" Come, darling, to my stumps ! "

Long time did Peter long to wed
His true and faithful mate ;
The lovers felt a weight of woe
Because compelled to wait.

The Captain had no stocks or bonds,
No houses and no lands ;
And, without arms, he could not take
A wife upon his hands.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

For keeping books he had a taste,
Yet had to shun the pen;
But if a pension could be had,
He would get married then.

The pension came, the wedding too,
His fortunes to retrieve;
“Please join your hands,” the parson said,
But Peter joined his sleeve.

Now Peter’s joy is quite complete,
And peaceful is his life;
While marriage was a happy stroke,
He never strikes his wife.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

ELDER LAMB'S DONATION.

Elder Lamb's Donation.¹

GOOD old Elder Lamb had labored for a thousand
nights and days,
And had preached the blessed Bible in a multitude
of ways;
Had received a message daily over Faith's celestial
wire,
And had kept his little chapel full of flames of
heavenly fire;
He had raised a numerous family, straight and sturdy
as he could,
And his boys were all considered as unnaturally good;
And his "slender sal'ry" kept him till went forth the
proclamation —
"We will pay him up this season with a gen'rrous,
large donation."

So they brought him hay and barley, and some corn
upon the ear,—
Straw enough to bed his pony for forever and a year;
And they strewed him with potatoes of inconsequen-
tial size,

¹ From "City Festivals," Copyright, 1892, by Harper & Brothers.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

And some onions whose completeness drew the moisture from his eyes;
And some cider — more like water, in an inventory strict —
And some apples, pears and peaches, that the autumn gales had picked;
And some strings of dried-up-apples — mummies of the fruit creation —
Came to swell the doleful census of old Elder Lamb's Donation.

Also radishes and turnips pressed the pumpkin's cheerful cheek,
Likewise beans enough to furnish half of Boston for a week;
And some butter that was worthy to have Samson for a foe,
And some eggs whose inner-nature held the legend — “ Long Ago; ”
And some stove-wood, green and crooked, on his flower-beds was laid,
Fit to furnish fire departments with the most substantial aid.
All things unappreciated found this night their true vocation
In the Museum of Relics, known as Elder Lamb's Donation.

ELDER LAME'S DONATION.

There were biscuits whose material was their own
secure defence;
There were sauces whose acuteness bore the sad
pluperfect tense;
There were jellies undissected, there were mystery-
laden pies;
There was bread that long had waited for the signal
to arise.
There were cookies tasting clearly of the drear and
musty past;
There were doughnuts that in justice 'mongst the
metals might be classed;
There were chickens, geese and turkeys, that had
long been on probation,
Now received in full connection at old Elder Lamb's
Donation.

Then they gave his wife a wrapper made for some
one not so tall,
And they brought him twenty slippers, every pair of
which was small;
And they covered him with sack-cloth, as it were, in
various bits,
And they clothed his helpless children in a wardrobe
of misfits;
And they trimmed his house with "Welcome," and
some bric-a-bracish trash,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

And one absent-minded brother brought five dollars
all in cash !
Which the good old pastor handled with a thrill of
exultation,
Wishing that in filthy lucre might have come his
whole donation.

Morning came at last, in splendor ; but the Elder,
wrapped in gloom,
Knelt amid decaying produce and the ruins of his
home ;
And his piety had never till that morning been so
bright :
For he prayed for those who brought him to that
unexpected plight.
But some worldly thoughts intruded ; for he won-
dered o'er and o'er
If they'd buy that day at auction, what they gave the
night before ;
And his fervent prayer concluded with the natural
exclamation :
“ Take me to Thyself in mercy, Lord, before my
next donation ! ”

WILL CARLETON.

In Aesop's Vein.

S AID the Grocer's Scale to the Orange-peel:

“ It would pleasure me much to know, sir,
What you are doing.” Quoth the Peel:

“ I'm lying in wait for the Grocer.”

“ Our weighs are alike,” the Scale replies,

“ For, strangely as it appears,
To tell the truth (though speaking of lies),
I've been doing the same for years ! ”

WILLIAM HOWARD MITCHELL.

The New Church Organ.¹

THEY'VE got a brand-new organ, Sue,
 For all their fuss and search ;
 They've done just as they said they'd do,
 And fetched it into church.
 They're bound the critter shall be seen,
 And on the preacher's right
 They've hoisted up their new machine
 In everybody's sight.
 They've got a chorister and choir,
 Ag'in' *my* voice and vote ;
 For it was never *my* desire
 To praise the Lord by note.

I've been a sister good an' true
 For five-an'-thirty year ;
 I've done what seemed my part to do,
 An' prayed my duty clear ;
 I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
 Just as the preacher read,
 And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
 I took the fork an' led ;

¹ From "Farm Ballads," Copyright, 1873, by Harper & Brothers.

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

And now, their bold, new-fangled ways
Is comin' all about ;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out !

To-day the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read, " I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies." —
I al'ays liked that blessed hymn —
I s'pose I al'ays will —
It somehow gratifies *my* whim,
In good old Ortonville ;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word ;
They sung the most dog-gondest thing
A body ever heard !

Some worldly chaps was standin' near ;
An' when I see them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might ;
But though my voice is good an' strong,
I couldn't steer it right

When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contrawise;
An' I too fast, or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know,
They play a little tune;
I didn't understand, and so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas! I found that I
Was singin' there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told;
But I had done my best;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin'-book,
An' never went to be;
But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could, she said;
She understood the time right through,
An' kep' it with her head;

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

But when she tried this mornin', oh,
I had to laugh, or cough !
It kep' her head a-bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most came off !

An' Deacon Tubbs — he all broke down,
As one might well suppose ;
He took one look at Sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn-book through and
through,
And laid it on the seat,
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat.
And when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise ;
But drawed his red bandanner out,
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,
For five-an'-thirty year ;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear ;
But Death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track ;
And some day I to church will go,
And never more come back ;

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

And when the folks gets up to sing —
Whene'er that time shall be —
I do not want no *patent* thing
A-squealin' over me !

WILL CARLETON.

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